

The Nation

VOL. XXVIII., No. 1.]
Postage U.K. and Abroad 1d.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1920.

[PRICE 9D.
Registered as a Newspaper.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	1	THE DRAMA:—	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Romantic Young Lady.	
The Proclamation of Anarchy	4	By Frank Swinnerton ...	16
The White Front in France	5	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
The Two Paths ...	7	H. J. M. ...	17
THE STORY OF THE R.I.C. By		REVIEWS:—	
Our Irish Correspondent ...	8	The Entente of the Eighteenth Century. By A. B.	18
A LONDON DIARY. By A		Human Nature ...	20
Wayfarer ...	9	A Survival ...	20
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		A Cornish Muse ...	22
The Burden of Ilford ...	11	BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	24
Treasures Laid Up ...	13	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
The Oxford Congress of		Our City Editor ...	26
Philosophy. By C. E. M.			
Joad ...	14		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

MINISTERIAL complicity with the campaign of licensed outrage in Ireland, and, therefore, the identification of Government with Anarchy, have been amply proved during the week. The negative evidence is, in itself, enough. For week after week Mr. Lloyd George and every responsible Minister have been silent while one hundred Irish towns or villages have been given over to murder and arson by bodies of men wearing one kind of King's uniform or another. Positive evidence has now been added to this silent witness to crime. General Macready, in command of the armed forces in Ireland, has opened the front door of frank avowal of sympathy and support. Sir Hamar Greenwood, the Irish Secretary, has exhibited the back door through which, when the pace becomes a trifle hot, Mr. Lloyd George will try and escape. The "Daily Chronicle," which sustains the honored rôle of a Government organ, defends the sacking of Irish towns on the ground that they are not towns but villages, and the murder of innocent men on the ground that they probably constitute a minority among the Government's victims. And Mr. Annan Bryce, in a letter to the "Times," reveals the confessed complicity of a British Colonel in command with the distribution of threatening circulars.

* * *

GENERAL MACREADY's unrepudiated statement to an American interviewer lacked no touch of the brutal militarism which made the most popular item in our propagandist case against Germany. Our von Bissing confesses that the conduct of the soldiers, policemen, and military under his supreme control "in acting on their own initiative" (i.e. without discipline) was only "human" (it is "human," we suppose, to commit any crime possible to humanity), and that the punishment of military insubordination was a "delicate matter," because it might counteract the "hoped-for effect" of the officers' training. In other words a military command could not in decency organize men for murder and arson, and then reprimand them for committing these offences. In face of these confessions Sir Hamar Greenwood's statement was merely supplementary. It contained the falsehoods that the "alleged reprisals" were few and

exaggerated [on the contrary they have been many, and not one quarter of them have been described in the British Press], and that the police maintained their discipline, when in fact they have been licensed to commit acts of indiscipline; and the denial that the Government connived at or supported these practices. Their full connivance is implicit in their prolonged inaction; in the condoning words of the Irish Commander-in-Chief; and in the absence of punishment. Their formal support will probably be withheld, because it will be politically dangerous to accord it. That is all that need be said about them.

* * *

THE Liberal leaders have (as usual) been dumb in the face of these horrors, save for a belated statement by Lord Grey, published in the "Westminster Gazette," which omits all reference to the outrages. Lord Grey declares for a British evacuation of Ireland at the end of two years' time, and invites the Irish to employ the interval in arriving at a form of Dominion Home Rule without the Dominions' privilege of maintaining their own army and navy. As this pronouncement, useful as it is in content, is too late by months, and implies an Irish contribution to the force which has just gutted Mallow, it is not likely to affect the situation. However, the Liberal leaders, if they still lead anybody or anything, can intervene in one useful direction. They can demand a full disclosure of the guilty secrets of Dublin Castle, by means of a Royal Commission, empowered to wring the truth from the secret service which will endeavor to conceal it.

* * *

EVERYONE, from Napoleon to Hindenburg and Ludendorff, who has experienced the war embrace of Russia has found it extremely difficult to extricate oneself from it; the Poles are finding it almost as difficult to extricate themselves from the Russian peace embrace at Riga. The armistice and peace terms offered by M. Joffe at the second meeting of the Conference were so astonishingly favorable to Poland that for the moment even the Polish delegation were taken aback. The Russians offered an armistice line considerably to the east of the Curzon line. Later M. Joffe followed this up by proposing a definite frontier line between Russia and Poland, passing through Brest-Litovsk and Vladimir-Volhynsk, which would leave Bialystok and part of White Russia with Eastern Galicia to Poland. The conditions were that Poland should recognize the Ukraine and White Russia as at present constituted, and that a *plébiscite* should be held at some future unspecified date by the whole population of Eastern Galicia. The Russians, moreover, withdrew unconditionally all their Minsk demands with regard to disarmament and the Bialystok-Grajewo railway, but they stipulated that the Poles should either accept or reject their proposals within ten days. By accepting these terms Poland would not only obtain all territory to which either nationally, economically, or strategically, she has any shadow of claim, but also parts of White Russia where the population is overwhelmingly non-Polish.

THE Poles were obviously taken aback by the extraordinarily favorable nature of these proposals; they have spent the time of the Conference ever since in manœuvring so as to avoid defining their attitude towards them. The pro-Polish and pro-war papers report from Riga that the Poles are "standing firm," or are "unyielding," and that the military situation is such that they "can treat" the Russian proposals "with scant courtesy"; "their inclination is to go ahead with their peace proposals." But if the Poles have any peace proposals at all, their diplomacy, according to the good old tradition, appears to be directed solely to conceal them both from the Russians and the rest of the world. The truth is that they are as hopelessly divided upon peace as upon every other subject. Those in the saddle obviously do not want peace at all; what they still hanker after is Vilna, eighteenth century frontiers, an alliance with Wrangel, and the glory of a Greater Poland guarding Europe's kitchen door for Marshal Foch. The hands of these fire-eaters have been strengthened in the last week by what they think to be another favorable turn in the military situation. They now appear to hold Grodno securely, and were pleasantly surprised by the failure of any Russian counter-offensive to develop in that region.

As a result the Polish delegation at Riga have contrived to avoid any definition of their own peace proposals by having negotiations remitted to the separate Commissions where proceedings are not public. Their diplomacy is well exemplified by what has happened in the Commission to which the question of an armistice line has been remitted. Nothing has happened at all, because the Polish Demarcation Commission still has to decide what armistice line it is to demand from the Russians. It is reported that there are no less than three factions in the Polish Commission now trying to fight out at this peace conference what the Polish armistice terms should be—a comic opera situation which must surely be unique in the diplomatic history of peace negotiations. One of these factions actually is for demanding an armistice line which would give Vilna and the whole of White Russia to Poland, and with a certain grim irony, we presume, those who make this demand call themselves the "strategic-ethnographic group." Another group favors the Hindenburg line, while the most moderate party demand a line a little to the west of the Hindenburg line, but far to the east of both the present front and the Curzon line. It is clear that at present there are no indications of any approach to sanity or moderation, or to a real desire for peace in the Polish Government.

THE decision of the miners to meet the coalowners to discuss possibilities of increased output seemed to open the way to a peaceful settlement of the coal dispute. But the debate ended on Wednesday night in a deadlock, and a further interview between the miners' executive and the Prime Minister late the same night produced no better result. The discussion with the coalowners was virtually limited to two questions—the possibility of a joint recommendation for an immediate increase in wages as a preliminary to co-operative effort to improve output, and the fixing of a provisional datum line on which to calculate advances in wages on actually realized output. The owners took the view that they could not recommend an immediate advance, and the parties could not agree on the datum line figure. The owners suggested just over 240,000,000 tons, and the miners proposed a figure eight millions lower. The real split was on the question of an immediate

increase, on which the delegates to the adjourned miners' conference, held on Thursday, were instructed to remain firm. The Prime Minister suggested that the miners should meet the owners again to try to settle the datum line. They replied that no different result could be expected, and that nothing remained but to report to the conference. This did not end all possibility of settlement. It was still open for the Government to grant the increase, on the assurance that both owners and men were willing to engage in a joint effort to raise the tonnage, and that the men would accept, as a temporary measure, a form of premium bonus. They would not consider any permanent scheme which would rigidly limit all future adjustments of wages to output. Who supposed they ever would? It is an impossible policy for trade unionism.

It seems improbable that anything of great value will come out of the Brussels Economic Conference. It is a good thing, of course, that responsible officials of the different countries should meet together and discuss, publicly and privately, the economic and financial ruin of Europe which it is their duty to alleviate. But any real attempt to reconstruct Europe has been persistently sabotaged by the French Government, and this applies equally to the Conference at Brussels called by the League of Nations. The original plan was that the Governments of the victorious and defeated Powers should meet at Geneva, and settle there the broad lines of the problem of reparations and Germany's payment of indemnity, and that afterwards the experts should meet at Brussels and, taking the principles agreed upon at Geneva as a basis, should work out, in detail, practical measures for economic and financial reconstruction. The French Government sabotaged Geneva (we are making a feeble effort to set it up again), and, with it, Brussels. The settlement of the reparations question and Germany's indebtedness under the Treaty is a condition precedent to any broader plans for international recovery, but the Brussels Conference is forbidden even to discuss "any question which at any time may form the subject of negotiations between the Allies and Germany." Those who themselves have deliberately created this situation are now complaining that the discussions at Brussels are "academic."

THE Italian industrial situation is taking some little time to settle down, but no longer than might have been expected after the last three stormy weeks. It is natural that neither the employers nor the Labor extremists are contented with Signor Giolitti's settlement. The extremists who were out for revolution complain that the workers have been betrayed by their leaders. They attempted to prevent an evacuation of the factories. A referendum of the Metal Workers' Federation has been taken with regard to acceptance or rejection of the Rome agreement, and has resulted in an overwhelming defeat of the extremists. A majority of nearly three to one voted in favor of acceptance, and the evacuation of the occupied factories seems now to be assured. From the employers' side a violent attack was launched upon Signor Giolitti in the Senate by Signor Ferraris, ex-Minister of Labor. The main charge against the Government was that it had connived at violation of the law by workers. Signor Giolitti made a telling reply. His view was that in disputes between Capital and Labor it was the Government's duty to observe a "vigilant neutrality." He had advised the employers not to declare a lock-out, and had told them that, if they did so, they could not look for help to the forces of the State.

EVIDENCE of growing unemployment in all parts of the country has accumulated rapidly, and most people in trade now agree that a very difficult time has to be faced. The slump is due directly to a general stoppage of orders, prices having soared beyond purchasing power. The remedy of some of our far-seeing manufacturers appears to be to restrict output by working short time, and to maintain prices at the high levels, if not actually to increase them. For instance, raw wool is several shillings a pound cheaper, but large increases in the price of cloth are forecast. But beyond this reaction against prices, observable in all countries, lies the tangle of causes which are bound up with the Government's policy. Sooner or later, the isolation of Russia, the slow starving of the industries of Central Europe, the artificial barriers against the free flow of trade, were bound to have their effect on this country. As to the social aspect of the problem, the Government's culpability is measured by its almost complete lack of preparation to meet the coming crisis. Hence the industrial and economic discontent of the winter is likely to swell, continually and dangerously.

THE course of the Polish-Lithuanian dispute throws light both upon Polish and French mentality, and upon the position of the League of Nations. The terms which M. Paderewski agreed to on behalf of Poland when he dramatically shook the Lithuanian representative's hand before the Council of the League, were that the Curzon line should be respected by both sides as a provisional line of demarcation, that Poland would respect the neutrality of Lithuania in her war with Russia, provided that Lithuania secured respect for her neutrality by the Soviet Government, and that a Commission of the League should immediately examine conditions upon the spot. This arrangement found no favor at Warsaw; reports were immediately spread that the League had taken no steps to secure Lithuanian neutrality, and a new offensive was promptly opened against the Lithuanians. The Lithuanians protested, and it is now proposed that another conference between the two parties shall be held at Suwalki, but, meanwhile, the Poles continue to invade Lithuania. The position of the League Council is interesting. It protested against the Polish action, pointing out that it had allowed the Lithuanian Government time to obtain respect of its neutrality by the Soviet Government. But the League is, apparently, to be satisfied with this protest, and will take no action. The reason is obvious. It is inconceivable that, given the present relations between France and Poland, the Polish Government would flout the League in this way unless it had the tacit consent of France. The League is helpless and ridiculous, because some of its members wish it to be so; in such circumstances there remains only one course for the other members to adopt, and that is to leave it.

THE announcement of a powerful movement of the railway interests to bring about the abolition of the Ministry of Transport, and the transfer of its road functions to the Board of Trade, have created some stir in Whitehall. The Ministry has never impressed the public, largely because of the Olympian attitude of Sir Eric Geddes, and no one who desires rational and democratic control of the great public services would pretend that the department, as constituted, can do very much for the community. The remedy is obviously to reform rather than abolish the Ministry, but the interests which are working against it do not desire reform. They are out to re-establish permanently the old conditions of freedom under which each company

took its own course as a profit-making concern. The idea of running railways solely as a public service does not appeal to these people, and if they have their way all hope of building up a great unified system, subject to the control not of a bureaucratic department but of a thoroughly representative board, will disappear. With it will go the chance to achieve wholesale economies by standardization of rolling stock, engines, and equipment.

A NEW and very serious issue has been imported into the American Presidential campaign by the assault upon President Wilson in connection with the Mercantile Shipping Act. Three months ago the State Department found itself faced with an impossible situation, for it was required to annul, by September, all the existing commercial treaties which ran counter to the severe protective clauses of the new Act. The Governments of the maritime countries were lodging protests, and naturally Mr. Colby was shrinking from a course of action which would have produced unpleasant discussions with many countries besides Britain and Japan. Mr. Wilson allowed the specified term of grace to elapse, and then made it known that he did not intend to put the offending clause into effect. Instantly the Republican Press opened fire, and Senator Harding attacked the President as un-American, taking occasion once more to proclaim that a Republican Administration could have nothing to do with any League of Nations such as that comprised in the Treaty of Versailles. This development comes just as Mr. Root returns to America with the report of what he has been able to accomplish for the United States at The Hague—not, as the New York correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" points out, as supplementary to the existing Covenant, but within its formal limits. The uproar will still further damage the Democrats in the campaign, but it seems clear that the President's stand was unavoidable, and will be recognized as such by his countrymen.

M. TAKE JONESCU, the Roumanian Foreign Minister, is now in Rome, and the peregrinations of this statesman are not unworthy of attention. He has been repeatedly on the stage during the last ten days, particularly in the French Press, where hardly a day passes without an explanation by M. Jonescu of the real meaning of the Little Entente. It is probably not without intention that M. Jonescu has not succeeded in making his explanations completely clear or satisfying. For instance, the world is still in the dark as to what exactly the position of Roumania is in the Little Entente. M. Benes, when he returned from Belgrade and Bucharest, spoke of an agreement signed with Jugoslavia, and, though he did not explicitly say that an agreement had been signed with Roumania, he implied that that country was definitely a party to the Entente. M. Jonescu sometimes speaks in the same sense, but at others he speaks as if the Entente were not an actuality so much as an aspiration. He wants Poland and Greece to be included, and at moments he appears to be on the point of casting a coy glance towards Hungary. These fluctuations are not unconnected with French policy, which is seriously perturbed by M. Benes's success in forming a block in Eastern Europe opposed to war on Russia, opposed to militarist reaction from Hungary, and opposed to a Hapsburg-Danube Confederation. The French are making at once for the Little Entente's weak spot, Roumania. Their plan is to get Wrangel to guarantee Bessarabia to Roumania, thus to buy that country out of the Little Entente, and link it up with Poland, Greece, and Hungary, in a very different kind of alliance.

Politics and Affairs.

THE PROCLAMATION OF ANARCHY.

"The outrages which took place were of different kinds. Many were isolated acts of drunken or half-disciplined soldiers, scattered in small parties among the peasantry, and had little or no relation to politics. But a large class, of which the burning of houses formed the most conspicuous example, were illegal acts of violence, deliberately carried out in places where murders had been committed or where arms had been concealed, and deliberately screened by men in authority from the intervention of the law courts. Against the whole of this system Abercromby resolutely set his face. In one case where the sergeant of a fencible regiment had been murdered, and when the usual military excesses had followed, he wrote to Pelham: 'It is much to be regretted that the civil magistrate has not hitherto discovered the murderer of the sergeant, and I still more lament that no evidence has been brought forward sufficient to convict the authors of the notorious acts of violence which have been in some measure the consequence of the murder. It is to be hoped, sir, that the magistrates of the county of Kildare will be instructed to prosecute still further the investigation of this business. Although they may not discover the murderer of the sergeant, they cannot fail to discover the soldiers who first set fire to the houses and committed several acts of violence at noonday and in face of all the inhabitants of Newbridge. The soldiers are all at Kildare, and every assistance should be afforded in the further prosecution of the inquiry. THE FUTURE DISCIPLINE OF THE ARMY MAY DEPEND ON THE CONDUCT OBSERVED IN THIS AFFAIR. If the civil power should decline taking any further steps, it must be taken up in a different point of view.'—LECKY, "Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," Vol. iv., 201.

"Immediately upon being taken to task for his General Order* he (Sir Ralph Abercromby) sent in his resignation, and notwithstanding all Camden's arguments and even entreaties, refused to withdraw it. In despair, the Government left the command for the present to the senior officer, General Lake, who, though a brave soldier, was above all other officers identified with the military abuses which Abercromby had striven to check. Lest he also should by chance endeavor to restore discipline, Camden ordained that no General Order should in future be issued until first submitted to himself. Thus the reign of violence and the ruin of the soldiery were erected into a principle; and a rebellion in Ireland was finally assured."—Fortescue, "History of the British Army," Vol. iv., 579.

"Formerly in Ireland if a police officer were murdered there was no thought of direct reprisals in the minds of the R.I.C.; they thought only of bringing the murderer to justice, confident that he would be dealt with quickly and adequately by the courts. But now the machinery of the law having broken down, they feel there is no certain means of redress and punishment, and it is only human that they should act on their own initiative. PUNISHMENT FOR SUCH ACTS IS A DELICATE MATTER, FOR IT MIGHT BE INTERPRETED AS SETTING AT NAUGHT THE HOPED-FOR EFFECT OF THE TRAINING THE OFFICERS HAVE GIVEN THEIR MEN."—General Macready to a representative of the Associated Press of America, September 10th, 1920.

Is the British Government to lose its place among the civilized Governments of the world, and to sink under their odium and contempt? That and nothing less is the question on which the British people have to make up their minds. Few who read the report of General Macready's comments on Balbriggan to an American interviewer could have believed that they were in truth reading the language of a British General; few could have believed that if a British General had so spoken, any British Government would have left him for twenty-four hours in his command. The interview was published in the evening papers of Saturday. Tuesday's papers, instead of announcing the General's recall, reported another episode of the kind that he finds it a "delicate" matter to punish, forty houses having been

burnt to the ground in the town of Trim in the early hours of Monday morning. Next day another town—Mallow—suffered the same fate.

For every hour this barbarian force remains in existence, the British Government remains outside the civilized order. It can say nothing about Lenin's Chinese executioners. It can call in the famous report on the Belgian atrocities, and ask Lord Bryce to make a public apology to Germany for the rude things he said about her soldiers. For it has come to this, that we have raised a mercenary force in England—it being no longer possible to recruit for the R.I.C. in Ireland—among demobilized officers out of a job, that we give these men a sovereign a day with their keep, and let them understand, by one kind of *sous-entendu* or another, that as soon as they find themselves on the other side of the Irish Sea they may kill, wound, burn, and loot as they please. Even so determined an opponent of Nationalist Ireland as Mr. Garvin calls this force by the name of "Bashi-Bazouks," and it needs no special insight to tell us that men recruited under these circumstances for such a job are the last men in the world to be trusted with this horrible discretion over the lives of men and women. Among the millions who went through the war there are left idle at this moment a number of reckless and desperate men, accustomed to its excitement and barbarism, who find settled life forbidding, and for such men paid lawlessness in Ireland has greater attractions than any prospects of adventure that offer themselves at home. The Government have deliberately recruited for service in Ireland a body of men to whom Ireland means nothing more than the opportunity for violence presented in any occupied enemy country, and having recruited such a body they allow it or encourage it to become what such a force became in Russia. They are called the "Black and Tans." But their real name is the "Black Hundreds."

This is nothing less than the deliberate overthrow of the civilized order and the proclamation of Anarchy as God and Law. It is a return to primitive times and primitive habits. If we do not owe the Irish people over whom we assert our rule this elementary security, what in Heaven's name do we owe them? Is there any obligation of government more simple in any society that pretends to civilization? Thucydides, who did not write yesterday, remarked as an interesting fact that even in his day there were parts of Greece where men kept arms because their homes were not safe. In this year of grace, six years after we went to war to strike one last victorious blow for liberty and the rights of man, the Irishman's home is in such danger night and day, from men enlisted by the Government whose wages he is taxed to pay, that he has every reason for sleeping with a revolver under his pillow. Within four hours' sail of London, England rules after the manner of the conquering hordes of the East who held by the sword and the sword alone. There is a great deal of horror-stricken talk about revolutionaries and Bolshevism, but no preacher of direct action ever asserted a doctrine that challenges, as this does, the fundamental character of our society and all civilized society. For the personal rights of the citizen, guaranteed and upheld by impartial law, are more important and more elementary than any political rights exercised through Parliament. A man might want to get rid of Parliament and yet deny altogether this doctrine that a ruler owes no allegiance to the common law, and that he can make as free with the lives and property of his subjects as any Eastern despot. Such is the lesson that our rulers are teaching those revolutionaries of whom they profess such fear. Lenin himself is not a more eloquent apostle of the law

* The famous order describing the Army in Ireland as "in a state of licentiousness."

that those persons only have rights who have the power to enforce them.

This state of things has a special significance for us because of one thing over which Englishmen have been more jealous in the past than the people of any other country, and that is the claim of the official to override or escape the common law. *Le droit administratif* has never been acclimatized here. Whereas in most Continental countries the legality of official acts is tested in administrative courts, in England Minister and official take their chance with the private citizen in the ordinary courts. The supremacy of the civil law is acknowledged in text books on martial law, and this is regarded as a special recognition of a general doctrine held of great account by Englishmen. Therefore we take a full stride towards Anarchy when we allow a Government to declare that men may commit criminal acts, if they belong to this force, without liability in the civil court and without the risk of punishment in a military one. This is to claim a greater and more barbarous latitude for the R.I.C. than the worst claim made by Germany and hotly denied by us. Germany claimed the right to shoot civilians in occupied Belgium and France in punishment for the acts of individual Frenchmen or Belgians, or as a piece of frightfulness to terrorize. Germany was at war with France and Belgium. The Government claim the right to act in Ireland precisely as Germany acted in Belgium and France. But they have never proclaimed war on Ireland or asked Parliament to sanction such an enterprise. If this claim is tolerated now, where is it to stop? To-day it is the peasants of Balbriggan or Fermoy who watch their homes burn, while their children cry in the street from terror of bayonet and bomb. Whose turn will it be to-morrow? There is no reason why Mr. George's Government, seizing the occasion of an unpopular or a violent strike, should not let loose such a force in this country.

This issue is not raised for the first time in Irish history. It was raised at the end of the eighteenth century, and Sir Ralph Abercromby—a greater soldier than Sir Nevil Macready or Sir Henry Wilson—resigned his command because he was not allowed to protect the Irish peasants from the undisciplined soldiers who were "restoring order." Abercromby was not alone; for the Government, which thought, like our Government, that terrorism was sound policy, had great difficulty in finding a General who would undertake that task for them. Soldier after soldier refused. Nor were the soldiers alone in protesting. The Liberals, few in number as they were, denounced the conduct and designs of the Government, and Fox stumped up the state of things in a phrase that fits as well to-day as it fitted then, "Ireland is precisely in the state in which a person well acquainted with the subject defined to be despotism, where the executive power is everything and the rights of the people nothing." To-day the doctrine of licensed brutality is preached as openly as then, and there are, we fear, among the Government's advisers, men who wish to repeat the same tactics because they desire the same climax. To a certain type of military mind political discontent only ceases to be a problem when it becomes rebellion. The British nation is more sensitive than it was a century ago; we have had the education of the school and the education of liberty. But it is poorer in leaders.

Where are our public men to-day? Mr. Asquith and his colleagues are men with great responsibilities not only by reason of their standing in the country but also be-

cause they have all played a part in the problem of Irish liberty, and none of them is free from blame for its utter discomfiture. Hitherto they have accepted this position in silence, and left it to General Gough to protest. Lord Grey has indeed made a terribly late pronouncement in the "Westminster Gazette" in favor of the military evacuation of Ireland and the adoption of some diminished form of Dominion Home Rule. But he has not said a word on the atrocities that have made an Irish acceptance of this scheme all but impossible. It is plain humanity in which the Liberal leaders are wanting. Were Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman alive, a single speech on the methods of barbarism would rally the conscience of the nation. Were Mr. Gladstone alive, the country would ring with his indictment, and no Government could maintain this nefarious course for twenty-four hours. To-day the British people have no taste for their bloody work, but the leaders, Labor and Liberal, give no expression to the indignation and concern of the majority of the people. A Unionist historian saw with clearer eyes. One of the keenest opponents of Irish Home Rule had a prophetic glimpse in 1886 of the catastrophe to which we have been brought. "If the time should come when the effort to maintain the unity of the State is too great for the power of Great Britain, or the only means by which it is found maintainable are measures clearly repugnant to the humanity and the justice and the democratic principles of the British people; if it should turn out that after every effort to enforce just laws by just methods, our justice itself, from whatever cause, remains hateful to the mass of the Irish people—then it will be clear that the Union must, for the sake of England no less than for Ireland, come to an end. The alternative policy will then be, not Home Rule, but separation." So wrote Professor Dicey in his statement of England's case against Home Rule. Are the murders and burnings of Fermoy, Tuam, Balbriggan, Trim, Mallow, and scores of towns and villages, are the midnight raids on houses from which men and boys are taken to be bayoneted and shot, at the caprice of this or that scoundrel in uniform, are the evictions of hundreds of peasants at the point of the bayonet, are all the hideous methods of terrorism and espionage known to a political police bidden by its employers to forget the law—are these methods repugnant or not to "the humanity and the justice and the democratic principles of the English people"? If they are, let public men speak out, for at present it looks as if we were bent on bringing on ourselves a worse reproach than Germany earned in 1914 when she went into a great crime almost without a protest. The German politicians had at least the excuse that their country was at war. That is a bad excuse, but it is better than any that Englishmen will find for their silence to-day.

THE WHITE FRONT IN FRANCE.

THE exact significance of M. Millerand's dramatic translation to the Presidency of the French Republic is a matter of dispute even among the French themselves. M. Daudet and others on the extreme Right affect to think that M. Millerand has fallen into the web of that most accomplished spinner of political intrigues, M. Briand, who, having got rid of M. Clemenceau by contriving his rejection, has now been equally successful in getting rid of his successor by contriving his election. On the other hand there are many, particularly on the extreme Left, who hold that M. Millerand has by no means been marooned from French politics in the gilded Elysée; on the contrary, his election, in their opinion,

means that France has taken the first step towards accepting the first part of the famous advice: "Faites un Roi, sinon Faites la Paix." Now, whichever of these views be the correct one, or if the truth—as is her irritating habit—is to be found somewhere between the two, certain facts of the greatest importance for France and for her neighbors emerge indisputable from the obscurity which gathers about presidential elections and all other contemporary events.

M. Millerand's election is a clear indication to the world that domestically France has taken another step away from the Left of Liberalism and Labor to the Right of reaction. He has gone to the Elysée with the declared intention, accepted by an immense parliamentary majority, of converting the presidency from a figurehead into an active agent in forming and directing French policy. Whether he can do this within the four corners of the existing Constitution or whether, in order to accomplish his object, he will have to set in motion the delicate operation of constitutional revision, does not matter. The real point is that hitherto the French have had, at least, a system of responsible Government, a Government responsible to and dismissible by Parliament, but that, if M. Millerand has his way, this will no longer be the case. Either the Premier and the Ministers or the President must govern; if the former do so, then the French Government can be controlled by Parliament, but if the President governs, for seven years, at any rate, he can be controlled by no one. And that, in plain English, is a dictatorship. The danger of this *coup d'état*, if it succeeds, may be shown in this way: two weeks ago M. Deschanel, as President, was a figurehead not subject to democratic control while M. Millerand as President of the Council governed but could be dismissed at any moment by a hostile vote in the Chamber. To-day M. Leygues, as President of the Council, is a figurehead, while M. Millerand, President and withdrawn from democratic control, governs.

Whether M. Millerand will succeed in permanently establishing such a system of government in France is by no means certain. It could only become permanent if the President could always be assured of a complaisant Chamber and complaisant mouthpieces or figureheads to fill the posts of Ministers, or if the Constitution were so revised as to transfer power from the Ministers and Parliament to the President. But for the moment, with a complaisant Chamber and a complaisant M. Leygues, M. Millerand is dictator. That, as we said, is an important fact not only for France, but for her neighbors. Some French papers have pointed out, with a certain nervous emphasis, that M. Millerand has not claimed the right to interfere in the domestic policy of the French ministry but only to take an active part in foreign policy, to "assure the continuity of a foreign policy worthy of our victory." The uneasy Republican will, however, find no real consolation in this fallacy that you can draw a distinction between the two spheres of Government. Foreign policy and domestic policy in modern States are not only inextricably intertwined; they are also both moulded by the spirit in which peoples and Governments approach the problems of society. A nation can no more maintain liberalism in its Home Office and reaction in its Foreign Office, or *vice versa*, than can an individual maintain a happy home life if he is in the habit of getting over his garden wall to rob and murder his neighbors. The truth is that French domestic and foreign policy is to-day all of one piece, and the significance of M. Millerand's election consists in the fact that it will tend to give to this policy a greater stability and permanence. The French themselves call this policy a policy of order; they pride themselves on the fact that

France, during the last two years, has stood for "order" at home, and has supported "order" abroad. Well, order, we know, once reigned at Warsaw, and in that sense it is reigning there again to-day; and in Paris, Budapest, New York, Damascus, Bagdad, and Dublin.

Let us examine a little more closely this policy of order and victory which M. Millerand embodies, and for which France is now undertaking a kind of White Crusade. According to the French, there are in Europe at the present time two horrible diseases or malignant growths, Prussian militarism and Bolshevism. By the grace of God and Marshal Foch, Prussian militarism was defeated two years ago; it can only be prevented from rising again by putting upon the German people all the pains and penalties of the Versailles Treaty, which will keep Germany in a chronic state of military and economic subjection. Hence the first part of French policy, a military alliance of France, Belgium, Britain, Italy, Poland, under French leadership, to maintain the Versailles Treaty against Germany. But the war did not end only in the defeat of Germany; it may have begun in Potsdam and the Balkans, it ended in the factories and workshops. Even before 1914 there were subject classes as well as subject nations demanding light and liberty. Five years of war and President Wilson's speeches and statesmen's promises of paradise after victory produced a very widespread determination among industrial workers, and even peasants, to claim social equality and a larger share in what are thought to be the good things of life. The claim is revolutionary only if the possessors of privilege and vested interests, protected by the law, are equally determined to maintain their position. Now in France, ever since 1870, political power has remained in the hands of a curious combination of *petit bourgeois*, finance, and bureaucracy. During the war this combination became more and more reactionary, and the Armistice found Liberalism more dead there than in any country of Europe. The Government of M. Millerand identified the social *status quo*, or rather reaction with "order." At home it set itself with some success to break the power and organization of French Labor. Abroad it identified every progressive movement, every despairing effort of starving peoples to better their conditions, with Bolshevism. It began to create the White Front against Bolshevism. It started the crusade against Russia. It blockaded Hungary when it was Red, and allied itself with Hungary when it was White. It supports the Hapsburgs in the Balkans, and kinglets in South Germany. It encourages Poland to embark in a war of conquest in order that aristocratic Polish landlords may obtain their *latifundia* and rule over millions of Lithuanians, Russians, Ruthenians. And when Signor Giolitti refuses to shoot Italian workmen, French statesmen and journalists sorrowfully shake their heads and point to the fact that only in Paris and Budapest do Governments seem to understand the necessity for the strong hand of "order."

The fine democratic phrases of war propaganda are still ringing in most people's ears, and they do not realize how firmly established the war has left reaction in the seats of western government. If reaction had not got the bit between its teeth, the present government of Ireland would be inconceivable. But the spasmodic, muddle-headed reaction of Britain is not so dangerous to the world as the logical, unbending reaction of France. M. Millerand's policy is that of Metternich translated into the political and social idiom of the twentieth century. It will have the same disastrous effects. It is creating a system of alliances resting on a basis of force and injustice which cannot be permanent. At this moment, for instance, it is helping Poland to

re-draw the map of Eastern Europe on lines which again will have to be re-drawn by war. But even that is not the worst. The most dangerous feature of French policy is that it is placing behind the forces of reaction in other countries the military power of France. On the plea of fighting Bolshevism, it is bolstering up any militarist or monarchist adventurer or Government which can anywhere climb into power over the misery and exhaustion left by the war. And this policy with its perpetual economic blockades, wars, and terrors, itself breeds the Bolshevism which it professes to extirpate. M. Millerand and the French, by making France the standard-bearer of "order" and by creating the White Front in Europe, are in fact dividing Europe into two at the very moment when division means universal ruin. They are successfully putting up their barbed wire fences and their *cordons sanitaires* to define their White Europe from the Red Europe. But all along they are playing Lenin's game.

THE TWO PATHS.

THE Financial Conference at Brussels is meeting nearly two years too late. The two paths of despair and hope, to which Mr. Brand made reference in his opening address, were clearly visible two years ago to all with eyes to see. It was then evident that Europe, broken by the economic strain of war, would sink ever deeper into the morass of poverty, disease, unemployment, and social disorder, unless Governments and peoples had sufficient good sense and intelligence to concert a joint policy of rescue and recuperation. Instead of setting about this healing task, Central Europe and Russia were subjected to a continuation of the economic war, and the best part of a year was spent before even the forms of peace were established between the belligerent nations. That peace was deliberately and intricately constructed, if not with the purpose, with the sure effect, of plunging the German and Austrian peoples deeper into economic disorder, and of stopping all the natural processes of recuperation by a double process of draining such economic resources as they contained, and stopping their effective access to external supplies. An equally deliberate refusal of Western Europe to avail herself of the trade with Russia, by which her depleted supplies of foods and raw materials might have been replenished, contributed to this policy of constructive ruin. If the initiation of this poisonous procedure is to be attributed to France, Great Britain and the other assenting Allies are hardly less to blame. For France was blinded by fear, hate, and revenge, and France made no serious pretence of believing in a League of Nations and pacific internationalism. But our Government sinned against the light. We knowingly allowed France to choose for us, and for her, the road to ruin.

Now that our war prosperity has petered out, and signs of industrial depression and unemployment are spreading on every side, this financial Conference, furnished with wise memoranda from expert authorities, meets to discuss methods of monetary salvage. Had this Conference been held eighteen months ago, it might at least have stopped the post-war inflation by which almost every Government has contributed its quota to the financial chaos, even had it not succeeded in establishing some sane system of co-operation for the stabilization of currencies and the restoration of exchanges. Something might even now be done in the way of preventive and constructive co-operation, had not France imposed a veto

upon all effective economic reform by her refusal to fix an indemnity for Germany. For until each country faces, fairly and squarely, the true facts of its internal and external indebtedness, no valid and sufficient scheme for restoring the world's exchanges and the commerce which depends upon them is feasible. The illusions, based upon miraculous stories about indemnities, invented by reckless politicians to deceive their peoples, still block the road to financial recovery.

Little, perhaps, ought to be expected from the sort of statesmen who, in the fog of war, have hoisted themselves into office in the various countries. The best hopes lie in an attempt to mobilize opinion among the peoples. For there exists in each country a growing body of thought and feeling in substantial agreement as to the methods to be adopted for saving the civilization of Europe. All reasonable people know that the Peace Treaties of last year are directly responsible for worsening the situation produced by war. They are also aware that no measures have been taken for coping with the shortages of food, materials, fuel, transport, and credit. They see in an effective League of Nations, replacing the arbitrary oligarchy of the Supreme Allied Council, and strengthened by the immediate admission of the Central Powers and Russia, the true instrument for a co-operative policy of reconstruction. They would like to see an immediate revision both of the Peace Treaties and of the structure of the League, so as to entrust an Economic Committee of the League with the necessary powers to form and apply measures of international finance.

The International Economic Conference which meets in London next week is a serious attempt to gather from the various Continental nations a body of considered knowledge and opinion in support of this most urgent work. The Fight the Famine Council which summons the Conference has enlisted a large number of important politicians, economists, business men, and Labor leaders from the Continent to consider "the restoration of Europe." It is hoped that as a result of this Conference a series of practical proposals for the international work of reconstruction may be formulated and made the basis of an organized pressure upon the European Governments. Cowardice is the besetting sin of Governments, and cowardice in the present plight of Europe means the complete collapse of economic and social order. Let little groups of responsible citizens in each country take upon themselves to do the work of thinking out the lines of reconstruction which the Governments have sedulously neglected, and the time may soon come when, driven by the terrifying turn of events, these Governments will seize the remedies which lie to hand. And though it may not seem desirable to save existing Governments from the proper penalties of their ways, it is at any rate of the utmost importance that sane policies of international rescue shall be ready for the disposal of the better Governments that may take their place.

While the most urgent portion of this work of reconstruction bears upon the immediate possibilities of a financial and commercial policy to stay the famine and industrial collapse which is spreading over Europe, and threatening to suck in the nations which hitherto have enjoyed a precarious prosperity, there are other issues of lasting moment to which the Conference rightly directs attention. If the League is to become a permanently serviceable instrument in world-government, the provisions which it makes for the treatment of backward peoples is the touchstone alike of its honesty and its success. The advanced industrial peoples are bound

more and more to depend for some of the material requisites of life, such as mineral and vegetable oils and certain cereals, textiles, and metals, upon the undeveloped countries which are passing under white dominion. Unless the relations with these tropical and other backward peoples are put upon a just and equal footing, there can be no security for peace and progress. The mandatory provisions of the League bring out into the open the issues of competing Imperialism, which have hitherto underlain the foreign policy of every Great Power. The remedy to which they point is, indeed, feebly and inadequately indicated, but still, it marks a definite advance towards a sounder and humaner world-order. It is possible, even at this late hour, for a rally of right-minded citizens in this and other countries to reason or to shame their governors into a policy of reconciliation and co-operation, and to save the world from the abyss of economic and moral ruin towards which it is drifting fast and ever faster.

THE STORY OF THE R.I.C.

(From Our Irish Correspondent.)

JESUITS are a terrible and profitable joy to Protestant peoples and their novelists. Loyola-Vautrin is master of a well-tilled field of literature. What more fascinating than these janissaries of the Vatican—subtle, designing schemers who overthrow kingdoms and estates, break up alliances, and concert reaction; self-less intellects, dethroned wills, schooled to be docile tools in the hands of their superior. Half a lifetime goes to their tempering, and before this long novitiate what tributes of admiration have, obliquely, been thrown. And yet under the eye of the British novelist a greater miracle was working unseen, an alchemy more powerful than that which converted a living man into a dead staff in his master's hand.

The Dépôt, Phoenix Park, Dublin, was its headquarters; its novitiate counted fewer months than the Jesuit counts years; its product the Royal Irish Constabulary, in modern conditions the indispensable instrument of English control of Ireland; its material, the young men of Kerry and Tipperary.

No element of Irish life was more familiar to the English tourist than this policeman. He saw him in his spacious hours of unbuttoned and unbelted ease sunning himself numerously on the bench outside the village barracks, or beating a lonely trout stream in Kerry or Connemara. No one was more willing than he to put the strayed motorist on his road or repair the cyclist's punctured tyre, anything, in short, to lift the desperate *ennui* of his empty days. As a private individual he stood an average moral test. Physically, he had no rival near his throne except the Dublin Metropolitan Police, that monumental force whose majestic presence persuaded a German professor, newly arrived in Dublin, of the existence in Ireland of two populations: one, of serfs, puny, numerous, and Celtic; the other, a gigantic *élite*, self-conscious, masterful, Teutonic. Some hinted obesity at the D.M.P., but in regard to the R.I.C. there were, among tourists, no two opinions: "a magnificent body of men, sir, the finest police force in the world." That was also the official opinion in Ireland.

They were, indeed, a notable force in intention and in fact, and since the delicate system which trained them is now brutalized by newcomers and well-nigh swept away, and they themselves reduced by resignations and submerged in a turbid flood of "black and tans," it may

be well to set down here their place in regard to their predecessors and supplanters.

The R.I.C. were an essential Imperial military force of some 10,000 men, armed with rifles, bayonets, and truncheons, and in these later days with bombs, hand-grenades, Lewis and machine guns. They were dispersed through the country in some 1,000 or 1,500 fortified posts. They were engaged not merely in the detection of crime—a comparatively easy task in Ireland where, outside the Castle, no professional criminal class exists—but also in duties unknown to the police in England: in the collection of statistics, agricultural and otherwise, in taking the census, in assisting some fifty Castle Boards to administer the country, functions which brought them into intimate daily contact with the people. It was this intimacy which made them indispensable to government. At once a military, political, and civilian police, recruited for the most part from the sons of "small" farmers, or from their own families, they joined an intuitive knowledge of the people to a carefully developed *esprit de corps*. Their native tact was at the service of a highly organized system of acquiring information. Intimate association with the people was encouraged, but inexpedient alliances avoided. No policeman was allowed to serve in the district of his birth or marriage. Investigations were pursued jointly, and a system of independent reports secured zeal and efficiency. Catholic and Protestant were judiciously mixed in barracks, and while Catholics abounded in the lower ranks, they were infrequent in the higher, and rare indeed in the highest. Every device of rivalry and supervision was enlisted by which a policeman was encouraged to earn the reputation of a zealous officer. If, therefore, the annals of the force are stained by the sinister activities of a Talbot, a French,* a Whelehan, a Sergeant Sullivan,† a Sergeant Sheridan, and by the conspiracies of Craughwell and Crossmaglen, the guilty stigma of the individual criminal marks also the delicate, carefully manipulated instrument of his training.

However much the R.I.C. system impressed the people with the sense that law and order was a thing detached from the life and conscience of the community, its foundation in 1836 was honestly designed by Thomas Drummond to be, and was in fact, a notable advance in point of efficiency and impartiality. The continuity of Ascendancy tactics in Ireland is nowhere more clearly indicated than in the history of this change, and in the present reversion to the vicious system it replaced. The history of the Irish police since the first Irish Police Act in 1787 is the history of the attempts of the Executive to secure efficiency and gradual control of a force which, under the domination of the Ascendancy magnates, was at once inefficient and scandalously partisan.

For a moment during Drummond's Under-Secretaryship there was a victory for clean ideals of government, but observers since 1843 note the rapid retrogression.‡ From 1787 to 1836 no Catholic could be a member of the police force. Its control was in the hands of local Orange landlords and Grand Jurors over whom the Executive itself had only the slightest control. For purposes of terrorizing the people by looting, incendiarism, and rape, it was supplemented by the Yeomanry. In the hands of the country magnates the police were the instruments of a detestable petty tyranny of landlords and tithe-hunters. These barony constables, whose emoluments of office amounted to £4 a year, and whose qualification for the duty was having the sacrament at the parish church,

* See opening chapters of Mr. William O'Brien's "Evening Memories," for a single episode in his career. He does not deal with his share in the Craughwell case.

† See Hansard, July and October, 1902.

‡ See Mr. Barry O'Brien's "Life of Drummond."

had no existence outside the will of their masters, and the attempts on the part of the Executive to interfere with their arbitrary authority was vigorously fought by the Ascendancy. Lord Cloncurry notes their employment as "part of the system of subsidization of the Protestant garrison in Ireland. It had a specially injurious effect upon society by the impediments it threw in the way of the administration of justice."*

To displace this tyranny and to secure efficiency Drummond drafted the Constabulary Bill of 1836 which established the R.I.C. Foremost amongst its opponents were Lord Londonderry, the Earl of Roden, and their fellows, who sought to perpetuate the Yeomanry corps whom they commanded, and the barony constables whom they appointed. In the debates of 1836 it was stated that of 27,000 in the first force, 25,000 were Orangemen, and that in the latter 5,000 were Orangemen in a force of 7,000. That is the present ideal.

In Belfast, the old system, to which it is now proposed to revert, was continued with all its abuses. Until after 1865 Belfast maintained a local police force side by side with a trifling proportion of R.I.C. This local force was appointed and controlled by a Police Committee of the Town Council, and paid for from the borough rates. In 1857 it numbered 160, against 30 of the R.I.C. Its record is utterly discreditable. It is on all fours with the action of the Belfast special constables, who joined in the looting of last month. It was twice the subject of investigation: first in 1857 by a Commission of Inquiry into the Belfast Riots of that year, and again by the Belfast Inquiry Commission of 1864. The Commission in 1857 reported:—

"The police force are, with six or seven exceptions, entirely Protestant, and those in any command amongst them are exclusively so; a great many of them are, or have been, Orangemen—two of them actually walked with an Orange procession on the 13th. . . . The public feeling as to them is unmistakable and palpable, and Mr. Tracy, the Stipendiary Magistrate, in his evidence, describes very succinctly and clearly their position as a police force in Belfast in saying that they are supposed to be sympathizers with the Sandy Row mobs."

The Commissioners of 1864 found all the old abuses still flourishing, and recommended the abolition of the force. They note a continuance of Orange control; the chief of the police in 1857 was a member, and had been two years before master of an Orange lodge (compare his position with General Hackett Paine's). By suppressing the publication of vacancies, except amongst one class, Orange membership of the force is secured. They also note that a resolution introduced to the Town Council requiring from candidates or members of the police a declaration of non-membership of the Orange body was promptly rejected by the Council. The local police abstained from identifying rioters, and special constables carrying their bâtons actually attended and shared in the disorderly assemblies and demonstrations. As in 1857 and 1864, so in the autumn of 1920 special constables shared in the Belfast disorders; the R.I.C. are now execrated in Belfast for abstaining from or obstructing the pogrom, and Belfast is promised a special force of its own. This force will be established in the teeth of all experience, of a great body of public evidence, of the findings of two Commissions, of the opinion of responsible Ministers like Sir Robert Peel, Lord Morpeth, and Drummond, and of the decisions of earlier Governments. But Sir Edward Carson wills it for Belfast, and it must be so. For the rest of the country the other weapon is revived.

Precisely as the corrupt barony constable is reborn in Belfast, so in the place of the Yeomanry with their

record of murder and rape, of pitch-caps and torturing, of arson and looting, the rest of Ireland is to have the "Black and Tans." Their record is becoming public, even in some degree in England. It also is a record of murder* and torturing,† of arson‡ and loot.§ It will stand in history with the infamous record of Corhampton and 1798, but it is this generation of Englishmen which is marked with the brand. Englishmen at no period have endured the experience, though the method was once in perfunctory fashion attempted. It was in 1797 when the *légion noire* of 1,500 men, recruited from the bagnios of Brest and Rochefort, was flung on Fishguard with instructions to burn Bristol and to march on Liverpool, ravaging the country between. The methods of the "Black and Tans" are of like nature, but in justice to France one must note that Dumollard, a member of the Council of Five Hundred, introduced and carried a motion condemning this exploit of the Directory. But Sir Nevil Macready in his interview (see F.J., September 25th) on this matter with the representative of the Associated Press of America says: "It is only human that they (the Black and Tans) should act on their own initiative. Punishment for such acts is a delicate matter, inasmuch as it might be interpreted as setting at naught the hoped-for effect of the training the officers have given their men." Sir Nevil Macready brings the wheel back full circle to the Ireland of 1798. But we are not living in 1798. His words will remain a classical commonplace in the history of our period and the epitaph of British rule.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE impulse of decent Englishmen here is to say nothing of the political effects of the Irish outrages; and simply to offer a prayer to whatever gods they know that some day or another they may be disinfected of this Black-and-tan Government and its works. But the results are pretty calculable. The Government cannot escape them. One may dismiss its half-apologies, which are three-quarter confessions. The black-and-tans are simply a cellar-organization. They are not the front parlor agents of Downing Street any more than Mr. Philip Kerr is a parlor agent of the Foreign Office. The Government enlisted them, paid them, and clothed them. Probably it did not provide the infamous journal in which they were egged on to their work. But it found the men who planned it. The discovery of the link between the policy which both Macready and Greenwood condone, and its direct executants, is a task for any sleuth hounds of justice and honor that the House of Commons may contain. But it seems to me that if the Liberal and Labor leaders in Parliament do not want to be altogether extinguished in the public mind and memory, they must aid this work by moving for a Royal Commission, with full powers of examination on oath. The Government must be called on to produce the instructions to its *condottieri*, and the terms of their hiring, and to offer Macready and Greenwood for full cross-examination. For we need make no mistake. Put honor aside, for no man in power to-day regards her.

* *Inter alios*, Lawless and Gibbon at Balbriggan, Quirke in Galway.

† *Inter alios*, in Yuam district, Moran and Dunleary (Sept. 22nd), and subsequently certain men resigned from R.I.C. were stripped and beaten in same district. Further most disgraceful particulars will soon be published, but many others are extant.

‡ Trim, Balbriggan, Tuam, Galway, Athlone, Tipperary, Limerick, Kilmallock, *inter alia*.

§ *Semper et ubique rapaces*.

* "Personal Recollections of Lord Cloncurry," chapter ix.

But it is still a political consideration that friendly relations with America will become impossible until this offence has been purged away, and that in the interval between the sin and its purgation Sir Auckland Geddes may be given his passports.

WHAT is the political remedy? There is none. The country's political life is in the hands of a man equally deficient in conscience and intellect, whose guide is expediency, totally divorced from the sense of right. Against him, the Laodiceans of Liberalism, who have been looking out from their ruined sacristies on the sack of Balbriggan and Trim, can do—nothing. The Labor Party means well, but it is simply beginning to be a party, and the moral force to arrest the political decadence of England is not yet given to it. And the trouble is that there is no great independent and upstanding power in British politics. The Parliament is a debased George III. type; while the quality of the Cabinet (which is not a Cabinet at all, but a quorum for getting Georgian decrees stamped as Bills or administrative orders) may be judged by the fact that every "Liberal" in it prefers his salary to the honor of his country. In our institutionalism there is little hope. The war has killed it, and the destruction of the party system, with its limited but real morality, and its definite intellectual appeal, seems to forbid its revival.

As for Lord Grey's message, which the "Westminster," with masterly judgment, despatches after Ireland has been given over to the torture, it might have been helpful if it had appeared two years ago, and been followed by resolute and appropriate action. Even last year Ireland would have listened to an offer of a British withdrawal, and of Dominion Home Rule (which Lord Grey, by the way, concedes in name but not in fact). But now? To what generation of Irishmen will the oblivion of their sacked towns and creameries be vouchsafed? And into what kind of "British dominion" can her spirit enter of its free will, while her sons are liable to be conscripted into the army whose name has for ever been blackened for her? "You good Englishmen," writes a cultivated Irishman to me, "are the protective coloring of the crocodile." And those "good" Liberals, who threw Ireland to Carsonism and have seen it seize its prey, have to-day no more power to bind or to loose her than Lloyd George himself.

THE remedy, therefore, must go further back and further in. No self-respecting man can have any dealings with a Government which reveals itself in such apologies as those of Sir Hamar Greenwood and the "Daily Chronicle." I was told the other day that the most distinguished living exponent of Imperialism had frankly given it up, and to scores of thinkers and journalists who (like myself) have for years tried to think of the modern British power as a (much battered) vessel of the Lord, or at least have aimed at fashioning it that way, it now appears merely as guilt among the guilty. Having got rid of our filthy rags of righteousness, and stood revealed for what we are, we can perhaps begin to realize our responsibility not merely for the 100 or so Irish towns and villages our servants have gutted or assailed, but for the 100 or so murdered Irish policemen whom these acts have "avenged." This is what is done in the name of the British Empire, because all Empires come at some time or another to the stage when such things happen. And we can add that at least the mass of the British people do not do them or wish them;

that they are very different people from Lloyd George; and that they do not deliberately desire to serve his ambition, or to cover up his blunders, by such crimes as were committed at Mallow and Balbriggan.

WHAT, then, of public opinion? This infamy in Ireland has placed the British people in a position unfavorable to a moral judgment of politics. For it is in far greater danger than from the war. The Government which writes the dread word ANARCHY on its banners has lost control, moral and political, and can never regain it. It is itself the thing it seeks to suppress. All that one can look for is that the people will (literally) govern themselves this winter, and summon to their aid such natural pieties and sensibilities as the war and the rule of Lloyd George has left them. There is one good omen. The Press is improving. The Government has no Press worth the name; and if the "Times" could forget its fanaticisms, and become for Imperial policy the power for good that it has been over Ireland, the material for a new order, based on a revived sense of public honor, might gradually appear. That is a tenuous aspiration, but it is the best I can offer.

THERE would be no need to mention the "Daily Chronicle" in this or any other connection, save for the reason that in other hands it was once a respectable and even a Liberal paper. With that remembrance it becomes possible to mention that it is now an organ of the Government, and to quote the article with which it polluted the British Press on Wednesday last. In that writing the "Chronicle" offered as an excuse for the sacking of Irish towns that they were only little ones:—

"Balbriggan (it said) has about 2,000 inhabitants; Trim about 1,500; the scenes of the Clare reprisals were a few hundred each. A single main street; a police barracks; one or two places of worship; anything up to a dozen public-houses; a few scores of small dwelling-houses; and, possibly, a factory or creamery—that is in Ireland a town. Comparisons with a great populous University city like Louvain are farcical."

Having thus suggested that the measure of a crime diminishes with that of its victim, the "Chronicle" proceeds to defend the murder by Government troops and policemen of innocent Irishmen on the ground that it is unlikely that there are many of them. Thus:—

"Much as we deplore them, it seems improbable that many innocent people have suffered by them. Where houses and shops have been burned, they will usually have been those of active Volunteers; where men have been killed they will usually have been commandants or section leaders."

UNDER this particular diabolism, which bears obvious traces of Ministerial inspiration, it is therefore permissible to a man (or a Government) to murder innocent people, because in a gamble with death he (or it) has decided that he (or it) will "probably" kill a greater number of criminals or patriotic extremists. What is this but the literal fulfilment of Shelley's prophetic picture of Anarchy?

"Then all cried with one accord,
Thou art King and God and Lord;
Anarchy, to thee we bow,
By thy name made holy now."

"THE need of the land is not Material—it is Spiritual. Get the Spiritual, and the Material will follow. The wounds of the world are bleeding, and material things will not heal them. The one need of England is the healing of the Cross."—MR. LLOYD GEORGE, at Criccieth, July, 1919.

MEANWHILE, it would be a pity for the Government publicly to undervalue its black-and-tans; for by so doing they may be discouraged, and the force lose its *elan* and fruitful vigor. This is the fault of the hardy Hamar Greenwood in suggesting that their doings have been exaggerated, and therefore I suppose that the photograph of the blackened walls and tangled ruin depicted in the "Guardian" is a lie. On the contrary, witnesses (including a Frenchman) who have seen the sack of Balbriggan, and who have also gone over the German area of occupation in Belgium, have been compelled to acknowledge handsomely that nothing they have seen of destruction there equalled in finish, neatness, and swiftness, the demolition accomplished by the black-and-tans. Moreover, the Prussian, who wants imagination, has omitted certain touches extemporized by the lively fancy of our brave auxiliaries. Some of them were described to me as racing through the towns, with painted faces, and whitened eyes, keeping up a continual yelling. This effect, again, belongs to the *moral* of the campaign. It was intended to frighten the women and children and the more tender civilians; and it has succeeded. This Ireland, therefore, as the effect of nights spent in agonized vigils, in ditches, in escape from bombs, or in flight from burning homes, is greatly shaken, and lies under the spell of fear. The effect on Republican, and desperado, Ireland was, in my informant's view, somewhat different, and by no means favorable to the Government's idea that it can pass through terror to the triumph of whatever it may conceive its civil policy to be.

THIRTY years ago the three chief leaders of Oxford Liberalism were Pelham, Sidgwick, and Sidney Ball; all three men of remarkable power of different kinds, whose influence has lasted down to the present day. Ball died two years ago in the midst of a busy life. Sidgwick had been disabled by illness for some years. He was a son of Trinity, Cambridge, who left Cambridge on a question of principle, but few Oxford men ever remembered that he had been bred elsewhere. Corpus, justly proud of the distinction of her contributions to the life of the University, was his immediate home, and he threw himself into the interests of the college with great devotion. Some immortal Greek verse of his may be found in the columns of the college magazine, "The Pelican Record." As a teacher he had almost beyond any other man the gift of making his pupils learn from their own efforts, for he took the trouble of following what was in their minds and guiding their development. In the public life of Oxford he took a commanding place. As a Liberal he was always in a minority, but his gift of satire and repartee made him a formidable figure in controversy. Ball was the link between Oxford Liberalism and the wider reform movements outside; Sidgwick's interests ran rather on the regular lines of traditional Liberalism, interpreted and expressed with unfailing courage and generosity.

Life and Letters.

THE BURDEN OF ILFORD.

ILFORD is not a city or an illusion or a dream. It is a civilization, or, rather, a piece of a civilization, artificially delimited by the caprice of men who draw boundaries between one similar street and another. And when it speaks, that civilization speaks, just as similar instruments, tuned to a similar pitch, will give out the same note whenever tested. All the streets are the same.

All the little villas with front and back gardens are the same. The furniture inside and the cultivation outside are the same. And the same also the mental furniture and cultivation, alike in the residence and the front and back gardens of the mind. All the pleasant, affable little men and women that live there have the same manner of life, the same attitude towards life, the same combined cowardice and courage in face of life, with the same fundamental refusal to face life itself. You can imagine breaking off a chunk of Ilford just as you break off a chunk of a wasp's nest or honeycomb when the bees or wasps have gone. You can imagine that being exhibited for the curiosity of some wondering new race two thousand years hence, just as the little cells and dwelling places of Pompeii can be exhibited to-day. And you can imagine a collection to reveal the kingdom of the mind of those who once populated these symmetrical streets. Here was the station which took them away by the railway in the morning and brought them back at night. Here the shops where they bought similar products, manufactured in bulk on a pattern, to eat, to drink, to wear, to display on the walls and floors of their houses, and to rest in the end in the standard, polished, brass-handled coffins, in which they were all buried. Here, again, would be specimens of the Town Hall in which their civic life was carried on, a life in which they took little interest or pride. And here the drinking fountain or clock tower commemorating Queen Victoria, or good King Edward, or some local speculative builder who had become Mayor and "developed" the town, or the men who had fallen in the Great War. And here would be the schools for their children, rising like towers out of the maze of two-storeyed buildings which formed their homes. And the places of jumbled architecture almost indistinguishable in design and even in opinion, in which, under the titles of various religious bodies, they worshipped, or acquiesced in the worship of, the god of their fathers. On the one side was the park, in which, their worship completed, they strolled on Sundays on their one day of leisure, through avenues arranged with shrubs and appropriate flowers. Here, on other evenings, their children played games suitable to the season, until the hour arrived when they, too, commenced to journey by the Great Eastern Railway backwards and forwards in and out of Ilford for the remainder of their lives. This for forty-eight or fifty weeks of the year. You may have, as a separate exhibit, the place to which they went when they were free in the remaining period; a Clacton or a Margate, which was, in effect, an Ilford by the Sea; where they stayed in the same little houses in the same little streets and gazed at the same shops selling the same standard goods; where they read the same newspapers and listened to the same musical selections, and looked at the sea; tamed abroad, as all the rest of their lives they looked upon nature tamed at home.

But for the railway, with its three commodious stations, Ilford, Seven Kings, Goodmayes, each representing a slightly increasing grade of respectability because slightly less remote from its birth at the hands of the speculative builder, Ilford would never have existed at all. And but for that Free Trade in commerce and industry which made London the centre where all the accounts of the world were kept and all the shipping and banking and exchange transactions of the world effected, no Ilfords would ever have existed at all. This is not to vindicate Free Trade. It is to explain Ilford.

Every morning that progeny of Free Trade, the City of London, sucks in from all the Ilfords overcrowded trainloads, hurrying rapidly one after the other, of respectably and dingily garbed human beings. They spread themselves from attic to underground cellar, with nimbleness and apparently without repugnance, to spend the best part of their days in copying other men's letters, adding up other men's accounts, or distributing, in vast numbers, in written or printed instructions, the requests and demands of other men for the alteration of universes which they have never known. Every evening they trample their way back again to Ilford. And the evening and morning are one day. They are all either clerks in banks or shipping companies, or chartered accountants, or insurance officials. And they are all rearing children to be insurance officials, or chartered accountants, or clerks in banks or shipping offices.

Their period of articulate speech is the time spent between their place of work and their place of sleep. And also in the midday interval when they crowd into underground eating-houses and play dominoes or discuss the affairs of the world after a limited lunch. At these times the public opinion of the Ilfords is formed, and they denounce the Government and denounce the Labor leaders, and the more vigorous of them denounce both. And just as at one time they thought that Lloyd George was the limit, and another time that the Kaiser was the limit, and at another, when the "Daily Mail" denounced Kitchener, that the "Daily Mail" was the limit, so lately they have thought Smillie (whose name they pronounce to rhyme with chilly) the limit; though now that the coal strike may be settled, they think there may be some good in "Smilly" after all.

What would happen if the nerve-cord of the Great Eastern Railway was suddenly severed remains conjectural. What would happen if London no more provided payment, however inadequate, for bank clerks and chartered accountants and insurance officials, remains still more conjectural. Ilford can make nothing with its hands. It has no capacity for sustained thought. It takes its opinions from the newspapers and journals which gain success in its service, and its opinion and the work of the editors of these spirited publications act and react the one against the other, each mildly inflaming the other. So that Ilford all unconsciously helps to make the verdict of these newspapers, and the writers of these newspapers help to make the verdict of Ilford. Its chief aim has been to abolish the old disturbing elements that confuse and trouble human life, even the three disturbing elements of the Lucretian philosophy—the doings of kings, the passion of love, the nature of the gods. It is willing to settle down, making no extravagant demands on the universe, if only the universe will let it live at peace. If it can escape the earthquake, the pestilence, and the fire, and just jog on through life tilling its allotments,—*il faut cultiver son jardin*—it is willing to pay the price of abandonment of all life's difficult achievement; the large unrest which carries men to the heights and depths, the wonder and experience of the mysteries of life and death, and the amazing ways of men. It only asks that this compact may be fulfilled by any unseen and now but dimly apprehended Ruler of human destiny. And it will gladly fulfil its half of the bargain, drifting through man's allotted three-score years and ten with revolt and high ecstasy alike rejected, and raising up children themselves to drift through a similar universe of security and routine.

This particular Ilford has recently been challenged by a Parliamentary election, and men and women have appeared in its streets, telling incredible stories of

kingdoms remote and alien; of what is happening in Poland, and in Ireland; of huge tides and tempests which are tormenting humanity. Ilford has listened—such is the universal testimony—with respect and not without curiosity to these tangled tales. But Ilford, in the main, as in past similar challenges, is concerned with none of these things. It is true that it has been through the experience of the Great War, where its young men volunteered almost to a man, and fought magnificently; and their sisters, for the first time, went to work instead of their brothers, by the Great Eastern Railway, in the cellars and attics of the City of London, and greatly enjoyed the experience. And their fathers and mothers worked on the land and in gardens to produce food, and were consumed day and night with a great anxiety. It is true, also, if the old symbols of massacre were revived, there is not one of these little tree-lined streets of bow-windowed houses which would not reveal the red crosses of sacrifice. It is true, also, that from some far-off region from which the war was produced, discomfort is now produced, and a continual rise in prices provokes as much astonishment and alarm as the continual rise of the ocean must have astonished and alarmed primitive people in the ancient deluges of the world in which they were all destroyed.

But faced with the challenge, the great bulk of Ilford passes back from the argument of the moment and even from the experience of the moment, to the slow built-up convictions of a life-time. Ilford hates and despises the working-classes, as all Ilfords hate and despise the working classes. Ilford hates and despises them, partly because it has contempt of them, and partly because it has fear of them. It has established its standard of a civilization, modest in demand indeed, in face of life's possibilities, but very tenacious in its maintenance of its home and garden, its clean street, and decent clothing, and agreeable manners and ways. Just on its borders, and always prepared seemingly to engulf it, are those great masses of humanity which accept none of its standards, and maintain life on a totally different plane. Its apprehension and disgust are similar to that which occurs in all similar conflict of ideals; between the white and the negro in the Southern States of America, or even between the white and yellow and black in the Eastern Archipelagoes. Labor only enters its kingdom as a coal supply, rendered ever more limited and expensive by the insatiable demand of coal miners to work short hours for immense wages; or as the increase of its necessary season ticket to "town," owing to the demand of the railway workers for higher pay; or as the plumber, who is unable to mend its jerry-built houses; or the bricklayer, who refuses to build any alternatives. In such case, although it has damned the Government and damned Labor alike, the appeal of Government against Labor can destroy among the majority the appeal of Labor against Government. For it is chiefly opposed to Government when that Government is "truckling to Labor." Labor represents for it literally the figure of the Bolshevik of the cartoons, an unwashed, ill-dressed, truculent immigrant from the neighboring Labor cities tearing up the tree-avenues of its streets, trampling on its flower beds, thrusting its clumsy feet through the bow windows and aspidistra of its front drawing-rooms. In face of such a vision, it falls back on the protection of Government with something of the same spirit as the Psalmists of old, in their uncertain praise of a possibly angry God, proclaiming hopefully, "We are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand." For Government, at worst, protects the hutch, the kennel, and the safe feeding ground; and life is a hazardous and difficult business outside.

TREASURES LAID UP.

THE writer must first confess that he has never collected anything, not even books. A good many volumes, certainly, have "blown in" upon him—gifts from authors (thankfully received), such review books as he has not sold, a crowd of works upon wars and foreign lands, now rendered obsolete by the war, a few shelves of English, Irish, German, and Greek poets, a good number of forgotten biographies, a pretty row of Anatole France, two Russian novels, a Tudor Translation Rabelais, and that is about all. He lends books and sells (a more lucrative way of losing) with reckless abandonment, though always irritated to find they are gone. He guts them, like herrings, by cutting away the superfluous parts, so as to reduce their weight. He scores the margins, so that at a glance he can recapture what pleased him best. He always marks the place where he stops reading with a good strong dog-ear, and if the pages are uncut, he hacks them open with his finger, leaving rough edges, which used to be thought so precious. Except the Anatole, he has never had a book bound, and though he once possessed first editions of the "Pilgrim's Progress," Thomson's "Seasons," and the "Poems of Mr. Pope," he gave them all away so soon as he acquired modern reprints that were easier to read.

It is rather strange, for he cannot agree with a servant who, after begging some bright bindings for her future parlor-table, said to him, "I never was one as cared for the *insides* of books!" One of his greatest pleasures is to roam about the beautiful libraries of his friends, and to be shown the first editions, the quartos, and folios, in their splendid type, with the smell of generations thick upon them. How inspiring they are! With what awe one turns those sacred pages! And if there are autographs besides! Only last week he was shown a small volume upon the fly-leaf of which Isaac Newton had written his name in characters as firm, clear, and precise as we once fondly thought his laws of space to be; and that volume had been picked up for a shilling or two! He does not know what an astronomer feels when he catches sight of the new planet that his calculations had conjectured, but that delight can hardly surpass his own when he helped to discover a poem by Keats, in the poet's own handwriting, among a heap of papers long undisturbed. Who can see unmoved the actual handwriting of a great poet, essayist, or thinker, and remember the living hand which touched that paper and wrote? There is something demonic about an actual autograph. It is more to us than a portrait, and more than the locks of hair which our grandmothers used to cherish. There is something demonic, too, about the first editions of famous, ancient books—copies that the author saw himself and perhaps possessed. Such is the copy of the "Venus and Adonis," now in the steel-clad, fire-proof, burglar-proof "Treasury" of Yale University; for Shakespeare himself certainly saw that edition, and perhaps possessed that copy.

But why is it in the Treasury of Yale, the University of New Haven, Conn.? And why are there beside it the first editions of the Plays, and of Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, Florio's Montaigne (with Queen Elizabeth's signature), and Ben Jonson (with his own signature and an autograph inscription)? The Treasury at Brown University in Providence, R.I., possesses almost equal treasures of Shakespeare and Milton, besides a vast collection of early books upon Columbus and the conflicts with Red Indians—books crammed with illustrations which show those romantic savages hewing off the Spaniards' legs and arms and chewing them raw, except when here and there a woman toasts them on a stick—all fine propaganda, rivalling the "Secrets of Crewe

House." Cornell, one of the most beautiful among all America's beautiful universities, treasures an unequalled collection of Dante and Petrarch, besides the earliest copies of Luther, Erasmus, and Melancthon, and a vast library upon the history of witchcraft and the burning of witches, with manuscript notes taken down during the torture of those unfortunate women—their confessions of intrigues with the devil, and, in one case, the brief statement that at this point of the torture the witch died of agony. How is it that America has been able to acquire all these treasures? Or why should a world that boasts itself new, trouble itself to gather the leavings and scrapings of the old?

This week in the "Times," Mr. E. V. Lucas has been telling us of further wonders still. Almost equally wise in painting and book, he has mentioned some of the wonders of both kinds that he saw in his rapid journeys through the States. As to pictures, he speaks of Bellini, and Franz Hals, and Manet, and Gauguin, and Rembrandt (especially, of course, the "Mill," sold by Lord Lansdowne to the Widener collection; he does not mention the superb Rembrandt of Chicago), and El Greco (especially the "Toledo," loaned to the Metropolitan Museum of New York—a picture embodying all the dignified melancholy of Spain). He could not see the fine Frick Gallery, which has been left to the nation—beautiful building, pictures and all; but as to literature, he saw the Morgan library, with "a range of MSS., extending from Milton to Du Maurier, and from Bacon to 'Dorian Gray'; while at Mr. Huntington's," he adds, "I had in my hands the actual foolscap sheets on which Heine composed his 'Florentine Nights.'" Then he speaks of other marvels—Lamb's own drafts for the Essays on "Roast Pig" and "Dream Children," manuscripts of Keats and Shelley, and (in the Harvard Library) all the works of reference—mostly annotated—which were used by Thomas Carlyle in writing his "Cromwell" and his "Frederick the Great," and bequeathed by him in his will to Harvard University because of his esteem and regard for the American people, "particularly the more silent part of them." As comment to all this, Mr. Lucas writes:—

"The English traveller lighting upon so many of the essentially English riches as are conserved in American libraries, and particularly when he has not a meagre share of national pride, cannot but pause to wonder how it came about—and comes about—that so much that ought to be in his own country has been permitted to stray."

There is no help, he says; the only thing to do is to grin and bear it, and feel happy that these unique possessions are preserved with such loving pride and care. Later on, writing of the piety with which Washington's Mount Vernon (typifying all that was most beautiful in the eighteenth century) is preserved, he remarks, "For a young people largely in a hurry, to find time to be so proud and so reverent is a significant thing." The same pride and reverence are shown in the preservation of Emerson's house and of Hawthorne's house in Concord, and one hopes will be shown at Thoreau's Walden Pool, though the Gypsy Moth is now ruining its woods faster than even a lumber merchant would. Certainly, the pride and reverence are significant.

As to reasons, of course, there is megalomania, as frequent in America as in other parts of the world. It gives great pleasure to many people to say, "This is the largest known," or "This cost an unequalled number of dollars or pounds." In the entrance hall to a newspaper office in Philadelphia there is a mosaic that you are always told is the largest in the world, consisting of so many thousand or million pieces of glass. Many love to stand and gaze before a picture that has beaten the

record in cost for size. Many would like to possess such a picture, if only they could. It gives social distinction. It is prestige. It is a substitute for titles. To possess Rembrandt's "Mill" is as fine as to be a marquis, and if Lord Lansdowne could have sold his title instead of the painting, he would have been the loser. There is solid satisfaction in realizing that one's library beats creation in autographs of Milton, or even in the history of witches. Artful competition comes into play. It is delightful to defeat a rival in Sir Thomas Browne. And when the mortal end approaches, one reflects with pleasure that the library or gallery will pass to the nation, perpetuating one's name for all generations.

In the case of America, there is also the natural desire of a young nation to prove itself old. The same desire used to drive many an honest English manufacturer to the Heralds' Office for a pedigree that would connect him with the Plantagenets—an easy feat. Perhaps that is why some cities of the Eastern States so carefully preserve their beautiful relics of eighteenth-century buildings, and the real Americans (the "100 per cent. Americans," as one is so tired of hearing them called) love to remember that at least up to the Rebellion, English history was theirs. They like to be reminded of their pedigree, and the collection of old autographs and ancient editions reminds them. None of the "aliens," no matter how many millions they count, can boast such heartfelt possessions, or hear the call of blood to blood as they enter the shrines where lie the holy relics of English thought.

But there must be deeper reasons for all that pride and reverence. The creator of a "dime store," the manufacturer of a floating soap, or the shareholder in a stock-yard could easily find other ways of lavishing their dollars than upon pictures and first editions. He might build a record sky-scraper, or give a Dreadnought to the Navy, or run a candidate for the Presidency, or start a movement for the reconciliation of all Christian religions upon business lines. All those methods of expenditure have, we believe, been tried, and with success so far as the spending of money went. Why, then, do so many American millionaires lay up for themselves and their country treasures of a different kind? We should imagine that there is diffused throughout their land a very genuine love of art and letters. Fastidious critics keep telling us that America is crude; that it has no criticism and little fine production. We are not sure. We remember a few fine painters, a few great writers, at least one characteristic and inspiring poet. In splendid architecture, combined with giant feats of engineering, America stands alone among all the moderns, alone and unapproached. But, in any case, the mere desire to possess these small and curious treasures—not the sort of things that ever attract the admiration of the vulgar—appears to us to imply an unusual appreciation of things finest and most beautiful. Why else should the purchase and possession of them give prestige? The nation that worships the owner of a title is a snobbish nation. The nation that worships the owner of a rapid horse is a sporting nation. It seems to follow that the nation that admires the owner of a work of art is an artistic nation. The Italians were an artistic people at the time of the Renaissance, when their nobles vied with each other in the purchase of paintings and other works of art. We have often been told how artistic they must have been because they would assemble in the streets and form processions while some splendid new picture was being carried to its place. But that is just the sort of thing the citizens of New York would love to do. Give them notice that a famous picture was to be carried in state up Broadway or Fifth Avenue, and the streets would not

hold them. They would love it. They would give it "publicity" for days. Talking about it would occupy their abundant leisure, and add spice to their zest for daily toil. Our critics might call it crude and childlike and futile. No matter; it would show an enthusiasm for art that has passed out of Europe. If we possessed a touch of it, should we allow this manuscript, this autograph from the hand of greatness, this unique example of a first edition, or this superb work of a master painter, to be bought over our heads? It is not a question of money. By giving up just one of his superfluous houses (and so greatly simplifying his choice of residence and his domestic troubles), any of our big landowners could outbid the American purchaser. With a perishable race-horse or two, a sportsman could easily buy an immortal treasure. A profiteer could drop a motor in exchange for a Milton. It is not a question of riches. It is a question of the love of beauty. When Americans deprive us of our ancestral and national treasures in this way, we grin and bear it, as Mr. Lucas says. But if we were an artistic people, we should not grin, and we should not bear it.

THE OXFORD CONGRESS OF PHILOSOPHY.

ONE of the largest philosophical Congresses ever held in this country was in session at Oxford last week end. Professors of Philosophy were present from practically every University in Great Britain that boasts such luxuries; America sent representatives, and a strong French contingent followed in the wake of M. Bergson. The opening night of the Congress was, indeed, something of an international event, with Lord Haldane in the chair, Professor Bergson delivering the opening address, and each of them exchanging international compliments before an audience that cannot have numbered less than three hundred, composed exclusively of intellectuals and their wives. For three days and nights the Congress was in almost constant session, and during that time nine separate groups of papers were read and discussed.

The event should give a much needed fillip to philosophy in this country, for philosophical stock was never so low. The trouble about a training in philosophy is that it fits a man economically for nothing on earth except to go on teaching the philosophy he has learnt; and since it is the practice of the modern world to value knowledge almost entirely in relation to its capacity for producing a livelihood for its possessor, the modern world cannot but rate philosophy as a very poor investment. The consequence is that the community is content to pay Professors of Philosophy £800 a year, and to condemn lecturers and assistant lecturers to semi-starvation and celibacy at a wage of £200 or £300, while rewarding the dentist, who fills its teeth instead of its head, with a salary that enables him to give his wife, in pin money alone, more than the total income of the philosopher. Where the prospects are so poor, few are prepared to undergo the hard mental gruelling that a course in philosophy involves. Professors give lectures in obscure class-rooms to a beggarly dozen of students, and eke out their time by supplementary courses on psychology or mathematics.

The profession of philosophy is, in short, in a vicious circle. While professorships are so few—and short of a professorship, the philosopher can hope barely to keep himself, certainly not to maintain a wife—classes remain small and courses neglected, simply because the student, except he possess an independent income, can see no

prospects but in the attainment of a professorship. While classes remain small and students coy, there is no justification for endowing additional professorships or increasing the emoluments of existing professors.

On the technical side the prospects of philosophy are equally depressed. Recent developments have restricted its scope, and thrown doubt upon its methods. The province of philosophy, invaded on the one side by science, and on the other by psychology, shrinks to dimensions so minute that one is tempted to wonder whether any legitimate sphere for philosophy remains. How has this state of affairs come about?

It is not altogether new. The peculiar subject matter of philosophy has always been the subject of dispute, and most philosophical controversies have been controversies about what exactly it was that was the subject of the controversy. As the scope of science and the knowledge of psychology increased, it came to be doubted whether anything was left for philosophy proper.

First came the attack of the New Realists. The palmy days of philosophy were the days of the great Idealists of the nineteenth century. Hegel, proceeding by the light of pure reason, erected an elaborate and imposing edifice whose summit and crown was the Absolute. T. H. Green, Bradley, and Bosanquet carried on the great Idealist tradition in England. The Idealist method left no room for science, for the system was independent of any uncomfortable reference to the facts as known to science. Were not these facts appearances merely? Theologians welcomed this conception and personified the Absolute into God, and altogether philosophy was in high feather. Then the New Realists appeared on the scene. With an unpleasing irreverence they passed their rapier through the ribs of the Absolute, and there trickled out a little bran, or to be more precise, series of distinct particulars of neutral complexion which, variously arranged, formed the nature of the real. The function of mind was reduced simply to the business of becoming aware of these particulars, of making a sort of business catalogue or inventory of the real, in fact to the merely ledger-like activity of the scientist. In the controversy between mind and matter, we have only heard one side of the case. Mind has written all the books; and when Professor Alexander urged that mind itself was just one of these particulars, as material in structure as the electron of the physicists, a deadly blow was struck to the dignity of Idealist philosophy. If, after all, there was nothing unique about mind, what became of the special province and mission of philosophy, which claimed by the aid of mind to discover the real nature of the Universe, and to prove it in essence mental? The New Realism has undoubtedly taken the stuffing out of philosophy. It is cheap and nasty, and at the same time terribly convincing, and it betrays the citadel of philosophy to science.

Then there has been the attack from the psychologists. The border line between philosophy and psychology was hazy enough at any time. Logic was very largely the theory of knowing; it concerned itself with the answer to the question: "How is knowledge possible?" Yet here was psychology, which insisted on subjecting the workings of mind itself to the methods of scientific investigation, and sought to answer the questions of logic not by deduction from *a priori* principles, but by treating the brain as just so much grey matter, and the emotions as disturbances of the nerves, putting them under the microscope and seeing how they worked. Recent developments in psychology, especially those known as behaviorism, have gone to the length of denying that knowledge, in the logician's sense of the word, exists at all. Not only is there no knowledge, but there

is not even self-consciousness, which the Idealists used to regard as the key to the ultimate nature of reality. It follows that no results can be obtained by introspection, and reasoning about what we introspect, other than and additional to those to be obtained from observing the external behavior of others. Psychology and logic reduce themselves therefore to a record of behavior, and any attempt to work out detached observations of behavior into a continuous and unified process, such as the assumption of consciousness demands, is simply a delusive mental construction, gratifying enough to human conceit, but untrue to the facts.

Finally, the province of psychology itself is threatened by the all-encroaching advances of physics. Mr. Russell develops a thesis which asserts that the fundamental stuff of the Universe consists of collections of particulars, conceived after the manner of the physicists, except that they are neither material nor mental in substance, but of a neutral make-up. These particulars may be arranged in different groupings. In one grouping they appear as mind, and form the subject matter of psychology; in another as matter, when they become the subject matter of physics. But since they are the same particulars arranged differently in both groupings, the laws which govern their movements are the same. Instead, therefore, of two different sciences, psychology and physics, we have one science, which consists of the study of the laws governing the grouping of particulars. Thus philosophy passes by way of psychology into physics, and the gulfs separating these branches of knowledge, once regarded as distinct, are in a fair way to be bridged.

The catholic tendencies of modern philosophy and the haziness of its confines were illustrated by the subjects of the papers read at the Congress. A purely psychological Symposium, in which the very existence of thought was impugned, centred round the question: "Is thinking merely the action of language mechanism?" in the course of which it appeared that Professor Watson, of Johns Hopkins University, America, refuses to see in the act of thinking anything more than the series of physiological modifications which can be actually observed in the thinker. A paper on "The Philosophical Aspect of the General Theory of Relativity," demanded a mathematical equipment for its comprehension, and took the province of physics for the subject matter. Even physiology must now be classed among the subjects in which the philosopher has interest, and the discussion on a paper, "Disorders of Symbolic Thinking due to Local Lesions of the Brain," might have emanated from the study of a Harley Street brain specialist, and appeared in the columns of the "Lancet."

Finally, the line between philosophy and theology has never achieved distinctness, especially at Oxford, where the climate and the buildings combine to predispose the inhabitants to a belief in God. The old ground was traversed anew in a discussion on "The Relation between Religion and Ethics," which was remarkable for the fact that all the Symposiasts, except one, took the view that morality was both meaningless and impracticable unless founded on the belief in an omnipotent deity. Only two discussions carried on the old philosophical tradition of dealing with purely speculative subjects in a purely speculative way without attempting to relate themselves to anything whatsoever, one on "The Meaning of Meaning," and the other on the time-worn subject of the existence of Plato's Forms. These were eminently philosophic in the sense that they did not arrive, and were not intended to arrive, at any result, and for that very reason were eminently delightful. The charm of philosophical discussion is that it is never at the mercy of the man who knows. A con-

trovery on political economy is always liable to sudden termination on the appearance of the man with statistics; argue with a man about the time that trains leave London for Newcastle, and your argument is brought to an abrupt conclusion by a reference to the A.B.C. In philosophy alone there are no facts, and no verifiable results; the activity of mind may range at large untrammelled by a reference to the so-called real. For this reason alone, philosophy will continue to attract, though its province be invaded from every side, and its exponents starve in their beleaguered city.

C. E. M. JOAD.

The Drama.

THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.

WE all know that young ladies are almost excessively romantic, and that their heads are crammed with pleasing nonsense about the authors of their favorite novels; but it has taken Sr. G. Martinez Sierra, whose play has just been translated and produced at the Royalty Theatre by Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker, to show how the dreams of romantic young ladies may come deliciously true. Rosario was already half in love with her novelist when his hat blew in at the window of the room where she sat dreaming over his sublime fictions. The interview between the young lady and this intruder, who climbed after his hat, left both in a state of the most charming disturbance. She was so ready to love and to be loved in the old-fashioned, romantic way that she was irresistible; and he, taken so unawares, was merely responsive in immediately and gracefully falling in love with the same delicacy. Their love-making occupied three acts, but it was told in their first interview. It was fascinating to find that novelists are also romantic, and that young ladies are still susceptible to the peculiar teasing which it is the privilege of novelists to employ in courtship. If Rosario fell in love, so equally did her novelist; and there was in their case none of the emotional complication which sometimes arises in similar real situations. But then both of these young people were unusually free from ulterior thought. Both had been heartfree; both were innocent and attractive; and the whole atmosphere of the comedy was of love and happiness. For that reason it seemed to have been written with a grave distinction that was made exquisite by the author's mischievous whimsy and tendency towards charming nonsense. Cruelty and ugliness had no place in the comedy. Misunderstandings were only fluttering sweet-nesses. Love was a happy and smiling affection, unsullied by pain or instinct. The play was a play of sentiment, suffused with fun, and the author's and translators' touch so sensitively light that the fancy was held and absorbed throughout.

Side issues there were, and a half-dozen of superfluous characters to pass the time; but these characters and side issues were negligible because they were not allowed to intrude upon the main theme, but only to explain and delay its inevitable conclusions. The talk of the superfluous persons was quite tolerable, and the acting of the various small parts was so finished, and so much in key with the rest, that one never resented them as an impertinence. The acting of the four principal characters was quite excellent. Miss Joyce Carey, as the romantic young lady, was natural and charming. She was a romantic young lady, but she was romantic in a style which preserved our respect for romance as well as our enjoyment of its mockery. Her movements were always those of a young girl, but she astonishingly avoided any air of callowness. She was young, but it was a virtue in her to be young. She was unformed and sentimental, but she was also innocent and lovable, so that the novelist had not to be forgiven for falling in love with her, but only to be envied for his success in winning her love. That, in itself, is a great tribute to Miss

Carey's sincerity, and to her great advance in technical accomplishment. Mr. Dennis Eadie, as the novelist, was easy and humorous. He mocked his love, but spared her any but the archest of ridicule, with the result that the scenes between the two were always good comedy and were never false. Miss Mary Rorke, as Rosario's grandmother, a wise woman who had coquetted with three husbands and who knew the charming game of young love, as her exclamations showed, from end to end, was beautiful. There was a fineness about her even only half-articulated comments which gave them the most delicate emphasis and helped to create the play's comic atmosphere. Finally, Miss Barbara Gott, as a sort of old retainer, who knew much too much about what went on in her absence, was responsible for, perhaps, the most successful *mots* in the play. Her picturesque appearance, her grunting speech, the privileged and realistic comments which she loosed without regard to the moment's need for diplomacy, were all to be admired. Above all, there was in the acting a sense of *ensemble* which is too rare upon the English stage. I suppose it is only natural that one should see in this significant fact the revived genius of Mr. Granville Barker. Mr. Barker's temperament, moreover, is particularly suited to the production of such a play as this; for "The Romantic Young Lady"—in its translation, at least—has all sorts of affinities with the earlier work of Mr. Barker himself.

The play, that is, is not a play of real life. It is a comedy deliberately remote from commoner and coarser things. It is a play in which young love, and innocent love, has its right to exist apart from wordly considerations. That "The Romantic Young Lady" is a comedy of sentiment nobody would question; but it is free from sentimentality, because it sports with love as a graceful game, and not as an excusable or inexcusable passion. It is consistently fanciful, ridiculing romance as another Spanish author once ridiculed it, and in the same manner raising romance once again delicately to its feet. In a world in which romance is too often stained with hysteria and the prurient, such nonsensical laughter at a young lady and her imaginings is altogether to be welcomed. If Rosario is not silly, neither is Sr. Martinez Sierra. He stands impishly apart, but without cruelty. He is not really demanding that we should mock these charming creatures. He is inviting us to laugh at them and with them, and finally he is making us for this evening accept their standards of love and life and create for ourselves just such delicious romance. To have done this in Spain may or may not have been easy; to have done the same thing, by means of a translation, in England, is a feat upon which Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker must be complimented. "The Romantic Young Lady" is not only the most enjoyable play at present to be seen in London; it is also the one which most excellently sustains the convention according to which it has been written. It is all admirably sure and pointed, the work of an author or of authors to whom the stage is still a manageable instrument. It provides the actors with opportunity for several finished and attractive studies; and it sends its audience home with a smiling sense that nonsensical romance is still unassailable as a theme for the imagination of dramatic authors. This, when so much of the modern tendency is in an exactly contrary direction, is in itself enough to make "The Romantic Young Lady" remarkable. That the play should meet with success would perhaps therefore be a tribute to its philosophy as well as to the stage-craft which makes that philosophy irresistibly tender and amusing. It is a more pleasing philosophy than some. I hope it will meet with success.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged in THE NATION	1,490	16	8
John Lewis (Ottawa)	5	0	0
Mrs. Sotheran	3	0	0
F. M. (Birmingham)	1	10	0
	£1,500	6	8

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

The following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- ✓ "The System of Animate Nature." By J. Arthur Thomson. Two Vols. (Williams & Norgate. 30s.)
- ✓ "Herbert Beerbohm Tree." Some Memories of him and of his life, collected by Max Beerbohm. (Hutchinson. 21s.)
- ✓ "After the Peace." By H. N. Brailsford. (Parsons. 4s. 6d.)

* * *

To return to Prince Kropotkin's great book, "Mutual Aid" (first published in 1902 by Heinemann), is a grimly topical literary adventure. Its appearance was certainly one of the unchronicled events which mark and make the real as distinguished from the picturesque history of mankind, and if those in authority in our age from London to Moscow had any sense, they would ferret out, impound, and burn every copy.

* * *

"MUTUAL AID" is written in a manly, forcible, and temperate style, and is put together on a very simple plan of structure—it deals, first of all, with mutual aid among animals, then among savages and primitive men, then among the barbarians, then in the medieval city, and, lastly, among ourselves. Yet it professes to be and, in spite of a few minor flaws and minor giddinesses in its vast journey, genuinely is an almost complete record of evolution from the Palæolithic Age to our century, and from the animal kingdom to modern man in precisely the opposite direction from that taken by the main body of economic, political, educational, and biological thinking since Malthus and Darwin. There are no gaps in the unity of perspective and method, nor pedantic divisions into this or that specialization of knowledge. The whole man is dealing with the whole problem of the progress of life up from the simple to the complex. The chapters on mutual aid among animals were originally written as a counter to Huxley's "Ethics" and to the philosophy of the war of each against all as a fundamental law of nature—largely responsible for the predatory individualism of modern social and commercial principles. For the theory (invented in museums) of a pitiless inner war of extermination between members of the same or allied species as a necessary condition of the evolution of new species, Kropotkin's theme is that the fittest who survive in the struggle for life are those who acquire habits of mutual aid. Where there is competition between kindred species or individuals of the same species, there is decay and retrogression, and where animals associate in common, whether as a habit or to meet some periodic or special need, such as migration or self-defence, there are prosperity and progress. Natural Selection, in other words, fosters co-operation. Sociability, he says, appears as the chief factor in evolution, and its results are a development of the intelligence (intelligence and the social instincts are really inseparable), the security of each member of the social body in procuring food, rearing their young, &c., the growth of a collective sense of justice and of such moral faculties as sympathy, self-sacrifice, and compassion, the possibility of long life, an "immense development of individual initiative," a power of accumulating experience, and, last but certainly not least, the capacity for a full, intense, and joyous existence.

* * *

KROPOTKIN answers the question of checks to over-population not by the *argumentum ad baculum* (as the scholiasts say), but by the agencies of inanimate nature and the essential adaptiveness of living creatures. Where there is congestion and a limited food supply, the response is migration or a change of diet, and if they do not do the trick, the weather and other natural conditions restore the equipoise. The fact is that the world is not over- but under-populated by non-human creatures, and the effect of mutual aid and support is to restrict the birth-rate. Guillemots, for instance, a highly social species, lay only one egg. The truth is that many social animals can and do practically emancipate

themselves from the "Struggle for Existence," so far as it is concerned with warfare from animate life. Parrots, cranes, rooks, &c.—they are positively without any enemies except man. Kropotkin gives a host of examples, the difficulty, when one leaves the museum for the open air, being to give a showing of non-social examples, and even these animals were in most cases gregarious before man's offensive against them broke up their communities. I have been lucky enough to receive a striking demonstration of this, recently, through staying on a very wild part of the coast where birds are not molested, owing to the scarcity of the scattered inhabitants. Here rooks, starlings, jackdaws, gulls, curlew, magpies, shags, small waders, &c., mingled their autumn companies on or by the shore without competition or unfriendliness, and richer though the place is in hawks than any other I have seen, they always gave these loose federations a wide berth, being quickly chased away if they came too near. And the bounding spirits and light-heartedness of these congregations developed a power of orderly and elaborate rhythm in movement which to our human eyes is artistic self-expression, whether conscious or not.

* * *

To maintain the cockpit view of life, it was, of course, necessary to conceive savage and primitive man as human tigers engaged in a "continual free fight." Kropotkin (and the most modern anthropology is on his side) declares that mutual aid was one of the earliest of human achievements, and that what material, historical and personal, we have shows an intricate clan or tribal organization in ancient man and his surviving representatives. Blood feuds were the result not of competition but superstition, and in many tribes the worst abuse from a fellow-tribesman would be to say "your father is blind of one eye" or "your mother does not know sewing." So, again, patricide (only carried out at the request of the father!) and infanticide were the product of a sense of obligation to the tribe. It was subsistence, not sermons, that put an end to them. Cannibalism, once a necessity, survived as a superstition, as a means of power to king and priest. The savage obeys the common law more rigidly than the European the written law. The barbarians still further advanced the evolution of mutual aid by village communities, a territorial association so strong and compact that it resisted the disintegration caused by forced migrations, and broke the State idea embodied in the Roman Empire. The development was from common hunting to common agriculture, and though private wealth was recognized, it was only in movables. So the old and cruder conceptions of justice were modified, and amends for wrong done took the place of blood-revenge. When the village communities were destroyed by the Imperial, military, and priestly minorities, whose delegation of power is in itself an indirect tribute to the good sense and peaceableness of the masses, there grew with wonderful unanimity all over Europe the free cities and trade guilds of the Middle Ages, destroyed in their turn not only by the anti-social idea of the State aided by the Church, but because mutual aid needed a wider extension in the course of evolution, and the urban communities could not respond. Thus the ethical progress of the European races has spelled the growth and refining of mutual aid principles until they have come in theory to embrace the whole of mankind.

* * *

THIS, of course, is but a hasty bite out of a book which so nobly reconciles fact and idealism, nor does it neglect the insurgence of the individual, which, albeit corrupted by modern predatory individualism, sanctioned and protected by the State, plays its necessary part in the drama of evolution. What splendid hopes for mankind does it bring to a world sick (in both senses) of the dismal views and deeds of lying materialism, how it spurs effort, withers fatalism, and glorifies the past as a fulcrum for greater glories in the future, and how it ratifies our instinctive faith in the meaning and purpose of the universe! Peace and harmony are not the monopoly of the crank and the enthusiast, but the guiding principle of time and the whole world, through and through, for animals as for men, all servants of the great work, from the beginnings of things to a still dimmer future.

H. J. M.

Reviews.

THE ENTENTE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"The Relations of French and English Society, 1763-1793."
By C. H. LOCKITT. (Longmans. 6s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an exceedingly agreeable book to read, and our thanks are due to Mr. Lockitt for the pains he has been at in writing it, and to Messrs. Longmans for publishing it. It tells the story of the social relations between France and England from the Peace of 1763 to the Revolution; and in the course of the narrative it reminds the general reader (greatly to his gratification, for we all like to discover we know a few things on our own account) of many agreeable incidents which had remained in our memories, whilst at the same time it recalls other agreeable things we had almost forgotten; and informs us of many agreeable things we had hitherto known nothing about. Such a result cannot but be pleasing.

The separation of peoples living in close contiguity on the same Continent and sharing, of necessity, alike the "wild benefit of nature" and the fruits of civilization, is one of the strangest facts of our cosmogony. Why should it be so? The same heart beats in every human breast, and yet how different one strip of land is from another. Its homesteads, its roads, its very walls, the arrangement of the landscape, to say nothing of that huge stumbling-block, the language, are all as "estranging" as the tumbling ocean. Across the Atlantic, or the Pacific, by the wild waste of Australasian seas, we would expect differences, and be disappointed if we did not find them—but across the Tweed! the other side of Offa's Dyke! the Irish and English Channels! what are they to make such differences?

Between England and France, though long nominally united under one Crown, and for centuries conducting the litigation, for which both had a great turn, in the same barbarous lingo of Norman-French, these strange differences have for long been so fiercely marked as to denote a real separation, which hardly required long-continued warfare and religious strife to maintain and establish. The English and the French seemed marked out for natural enemies, eternal antitheses. Shakespeare and Corneille; Cranmer and Bossuet; Mazarin and Cromwell; Dutch William and Louis Quatorze; Voltaire and Wesley!

And yet, as it is Mr. Lockitt's business to tell us, both nations, or at least leading people in both nations, have from time to time made almost desperate efforts to draw together, and even, ludicrous as it may sound, to like one another. Whether these efforts resulted in making the English better or the French worse may be left uncertain, but of their genuineness there can be no doubt.

Our English well-to-do folk, and our bolder spirits, even though not "consolled" up to the chin, have usually been great gadabouts, and above everything else love a jaunt. Whenever, therefore, our foolish Foreign Secretaries had patched up a peace with our next-door neighbor we flocked to Paris, and indeed to other French cities. Mr. Lockitt quotes Walpole's letters for the statement that within two years from the Peace of 1763, no less than 40,000 English had passed through Calais, which once, be it always remembered, returned a Member of Parliament to Westminster.

Mr. Lockitt is thus able to enliven his pages, and his two delightful appendices A and B, with lists of the names of English visitors of note to France between the years 1763 and 1778, and also with an at least equally remarkable list of the names of French visitors to England during the same period.

Over these names we could long linger. To what thoughts do they not give rise? Are there any such travellers to and fro to-day? Let me name a few. Gibbon, Hume, Adam Smith, Burke, Johnson, Sterne, Garrick, Horace Walpole, Wilkes, Charles James Fox, Shelburne, and the Duke of Richmond. On the other side of the account, Helvetius, D'Holbach, Morellet, Necker, Brissot, Mirabeau, Lauzun, and Rousseau! Of what other monarch could it be said, save of our own King George the Third, that he pensioned both Rousseau and Dr. Johnson?

Mr. Lockitt tells us how these remarkable men met one another both in England and France, and records some of

their conversations. Turgot met Adam Smith at D'Holbach's house just before the great Frenchman, in 1766, published his "Reflexions sur la formation et distribution des Richesses," in which are found, adds our author, "the germs of many of the views afterwards put forward in 'The Wealth of Nations,' which last-named great book, as well as the 'Theory of Moral Sentiments' by the same author, were translated into French by Madame Condorcet."

In 1786 two famous Englishmen visited France together in modest guise "on a commercial enterprise," which brought them into contact, not with *Philosophes* or *Idealogues*, or with fine ladies in gambling salons, but with staid men of business with inventive minds. Their names were Boulton and Watt! They travelled together in a post-chaise! We shall not stop to moralize, or to make comparisons between one man and another, or to ask whether Voltaire and Rousseau or Boulton and Watt have written their famous names more largely over the France we know to-day. Much about the same time Arthur Young was wandering through the same country, turning over many things in his wise head, thereafter to be incorporated in his celebrated "Travels During the Years 1787, 1788, and 1789, undertaken more particularly with a View of ascertaining the Cultivation, Wealth, Resources, and National Prosperity of the Kingdom of France."

Mr. Lockitt brings out in high relief the enormous popularity in Paris of two such different Englishmen as David Garrick and David Hume. Of the former we are told (or reminded) how the doors of all the salons were thrown open to him in 1765, and how he played "in the greatest scenes of the English Theatre! He is heard of at D'Holbach's, at Helvetius's, and at Madame Geoffrin's, while Molé, Grimm, Marmontel, Madame Riccoboni, Ducis, Monnet, Suard, Necker, and other notables are among his correspondents." Shakespeare shared Garrick's popularity, and in 1771 his works in English, "finely bound in seven folio volumes, were presented to Louis XV, and were also translated into French." As for the other David, "no lady's toilet was complete without him," and this despite his round face and his "larges joues Bernardines," and his neglect of all the usages *du monde*.

Nor did the Whig politicians lag far behind. Shelburne was a great favorite. "He is chief of the Opposition," writes Mlle. de l'Espinasse, "that is why I like and esteem him. Weak and unhappy as I am, if I had to be born again I would rather be the least member of the House of Commons than the King of Prussia: it is only the glory of Voltaire that can console me for not being born an Englishman."

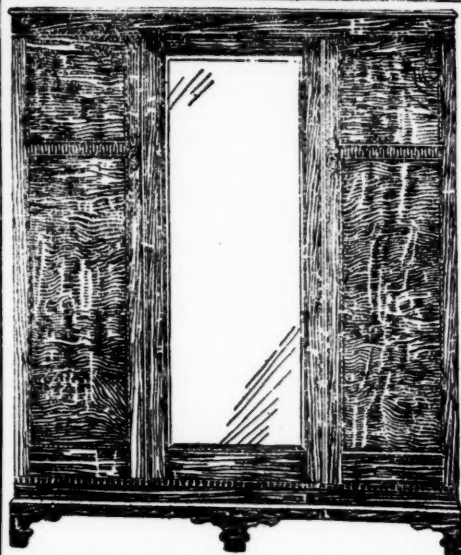
But we must refer the reader to Mr. Lockitt's pages where he will find the whole subject treated in separate chapters, under the different heads of "Manners," "Tastes," and "Ideas."

The terrible events of 1792 wrought a change. The spread of Jacobinism among the English working population excited much the same alarm in many minds as has "Bolshevism" to-day. "I feel," writes Burke, "as an Englishman great dread and apprehension from the contagious nature of these abominable principles and vile manners," and again: "It is not the enmity, but the friendship of France that are truly terrible. Her intercourse, her example, the spread of her doctrines are the most dreadful of her arms" (see p. 115). Mr. Pitt and his strange Cabinet shared, not unnaturally, these fears.

But, as Mr. Lockitt points out in his concluding pages, there was a great and deep-rooted contrast between the attitude of mind of the two mobs (as it is customary to describe the great bulk of the inhabitants of any country) towards "the Revolution." Our English mob, in those days at any rate, and there is no reason to believe it greatly has changed its mind, though never in any true sense a religious mob, had no liking for blasphemy, save in familiar speech, and was always ready, particularly when disguised in liquor, to burn Tom Paine in effigy. Had the popular leaders of the French Revolution been more like Cromwell's Ironsides, the danger which drove Burke out of his senses would, as S. T. C. has pointed out in his "Table Talk," have been greater than it ever was.

Mr. Lockitt's book cannot fail to give pleasure to all lovers of a good book.

A. B.



The 'Bentham' Wardrobe, 5 ft. wide by 6 ft. high, two-thirds fitted for hanging, and one-third fitted with shelves. £49 : 10 : 0

WARING & GILLOW
Furnishers & Decorators
to H.M. the King
LTD

164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

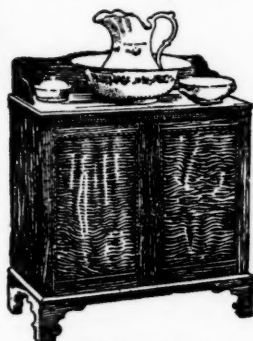
THE "BENTHAM"

Mahogany Suite at Waring & Gillow's

THIS is a soundly constructed Mahogany Suite, Chippendale colour. It provides an entire departure from conventional proportions, and is made throughout at our famous Lancaster factories. Any piece may be had separately, and the range includes chests of drawers, tallboys, etc., besides the pieces illustrated.

The suite illustrated is typical of the value to be obtained in our Galleries.

We also show the same design in White Enamel.



The 'Bentham' 2ft. 4in. Boot Cupboard with glass top. £15 : 15 : 0



The 'Bentham' 3ft. 9 in. Dressing Table. £25 : 0 : 0

What makes Scotch Tweeds Fashionable?

THE prevalent fashion for Scotch Tweed results from the appearance of the clothes themselves. A Suit, Overcoat or Lady's Costume in Scotch Tweed has the stamp of style on the face of it and the stamp of genuineness on the back.

For the first time genuine Scotch Tweeds can be identified beyond doubt. This mark



lightly impressed on the reverse side (of course invisible when the garment is made up) guarantees under Articles approved by the Board of Trade that the material has been Made in Scotland of Pure New Wool.

Issued by
 The Scottish Woollen Trade
 Mark Association, Ltd.,
 27 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

S.W. 73



HUMAN NATURE.

"The New Psychology and its Relation to Life." By A. G. TANSLEY. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

NEARLY all books, either by their statements, their method of presentation, or their general attitude, stimulate one's combative or argumentative instincts, and so make the task of reviewing relatively easy. But Mr. Tansley's book is so vigorously and intelligently written that it is difficult to do anything but advise all who take even a slight interest in the mind of man, in politics, sociology, education, religion, or art, to buy the book and read every word of it. Having given this advice, little remains to be done beyond giving a brief account of the range of the book, and some indication of its method of treatment.

Without expressing belief or disbelief in the essential inter-connection between mental activity and brain processes, Mr. Tansley takes the sound line that the nature of the connection is at present altogether beyond our knowledge; and that thought and emotion, as we know them, are absolutely *sui generis*.

By the New Psychology is implied a psychology which recognizes, not only conscious thought and feeling, to which the "old psychology" devoted almost all its attention, but also those non-rational and largely unconscious mental processes which only comparatively recently have been recognized by psychologists (though always to a large extent by ordinary people) as the fundamental forces behind human conduct and behavior. Naturally enough, the great impetus given to the study of the unconscious mind by the researches and writings of Freud and Jung, is fully acknowledged by Mr. Tansley. But between this book and all previous expositions of the Freudian doctrine there is a world of difference.

It is inevitable, of course, that introspection—that is the contemplation of one's own mental states—must always play a part in psychological study altogether greater than is involved in the study of any other science. But much of the unsatisfactoriness of psychology as previously formulated has been due to its neglect, first, of the historic facts of evolution, which have thrown so much light on other branches of biology; and, secondly, of the rule that no explanation can be considered adequate which does not account for all the phenomena.

The old psychology strikingly failed to give any adequate account or any satisfactory explanation of nine-tenths of human conduct. The only conduct which it attempted to explain was rational conduct. Needless to say, no one's conduct consistently satisfied this limitation. The note of the new psychology is, to quote Dr. McDougall—one of the most interesting and stimulating previous writers on the subject—the recognition of the fact that "the instinctive impulses determine the ends of all activities, and supply the driving power by which all mental activities are sustained." Conscious reason is a relatively new addition to our mental equipment, and, increasingly important as is the part which it plays and is destined to play in determining the forms of human activity and human relations, it can of itself add nothing to the mental power available.

In the early history of the race, indeed in the early history of our non-human ancestors, certain powerful fundamental instincts necessary to our survival became fixed and strengthened. Some of these primal instincts stand out as of overwhelming importance: the instinct of self-preservation; that of sexual desire; and, later, the herd or social instinct. Another instinct, to which Mr. Tansley, in common with most other writers on this subject, gives but a secondary place, as an outgrowth of the sexual impulse (though we are inclined to rank it, both historically and in fundamental importance, as highly as the herd instinct) is the maternal impulse; which, it may reasonably be argued, forms the real basis of all that tenderness on which so much of our hope for the future of the human race depends.

What is often forgotten, and by superficial critics disputed, is that these inherited impulses constitute the whole force of human nature to-day, just as they did when men lived in caves. And, although our changed environment and the directing power of reason succeed, to a large extent, in diverting them into new channels, yet, even to-day, whenever reason is in abeyance, as more often than not it is, these

primitive instincts still determine action much in their ancient way. And Mr. Tansley aptly and interestingly quotes, among other instances, the frequent savagery and cruelty of the human mob, often composed of individuals in themselves most mild and friendly. The old associations of the herd engaged in fighting or in hunting overcome for the time the more amiable domestic traits which, historically, both among men and among the higher apes, are associated with domestic life. And anyone who will study his own experience will know that resistance to social customs and accepted social morality is nearly always attended by a discomfort, by no means explicable as being due to the fear of social consequences. There is a genuine feeling of an instinct thwarted; just as when one is humiliated, or is unwillingly constrained to asceticism.

Naturally a good deal of the book is devoted to the sex instinct, to its various manifestations, and to the numerous spontaneous and deliberate sublimations to which much of its energy is susceptible. His words on sex education should be examined by everyone responsible for the unbringing of children. "Sane sex education would enlighten the growing child gradually and harmoniously, and would pay due attention to all the aspects of sex, emphasizing particularly the ultimate goals of the impulse, both physical and mental. Successive sublimations of the sex-instinct in the form of purely 'spiritual' love lead to sentimentality, a want of emotional balance, and sometimes to a severe dislocation of the sex effect when the physical facts of sex are suddenly encountered. It is particularly important for each sex to understand sympathetically the physiological characters and psychical make-up of the opposite one, for this is the surest available precaution against inharmonious and disastrous marriage. Largely as the result of a sentimental education, the idea of purity is immensely over-emphasized. The physical symbol of purity is virginity, and its mental counterpart is a state of complete ignorance of the facts and emotions of sex. What may be called the 'treasure-myth' has wrecked many marriages, and the ignorance of the 'pure and innocent girl' has wrecked many more."

The book is inspired by a stoic and noble optimism. However superficially unpleasing, no fact is blinked. The author compels us to study our pass-book; he will have no over-drafts. On the other hand, he demonstrates that our true resources are almost fabulous; that the power at our disposal, wisely directed, is adequate to the realization of our loftiest ideals. "The remedy for the evils brought upon man by his increased self-consciousness, is to increase it still further, but always in the light of objective knowledge. He must try to know himself, not by applying catch-words and cant phrases to the forces that work within, but by a patient study of the mind as it actually is, and of the conditions under which it works."

A SURVIVAL.

"Memoirs of Life and Literature." By W. H. MALLOCK. (Chapman & Hall. 16s. net.)

DISRAELI was urged, forty-three years ago, to say a word in praise of a cruel, satirical romance by a young Oxonian connected with some of the best families. It was understood that he had not read "The New Republic" and did not want to read it. He was, as usual, leaving for the country. What, therefore, more appropriate than that he should respond with a sentence that quite fulfilled its purpose: "Would that my solitude might be peopled by the bright creations of Mr. Mallock's fancy!" Unless we agree that the words might apply to Mr. Mallock's books, and countless articles in defence of aristocracy and reaction, it has to be said that the interlocutors of "The New Republic" were the first and last of his "bright creations." Thereafter for forty years he gave himself up to the labor of defending a hopeless cause—of ploughing, as some would put it, the sands; and it is not unfitting that he should review his course in a volume of the customary kind—"sands at seventy," so to say.

Mr. Mallock springs from that portion of English life which many foreigners besides Taine and Henry James have noted as very nearly the most fortunate product of the modern



For Chilly Evenings

DURING those few chilly hours of Autumn mornings and evenings a handsome and otherwise cosy room may be dreary if it lacks a fire, yet such a room is often stuffy if a coal fire is alight.

The modern gas fire, more easily regulated, gives a cheerful radiant warmth at a moment's notice, without making any dirt or trouble for mistress or for servants.

May we send you a copy of our "Gas Economy Series Leaflet No. IV." which deals with Gas Fires?



THE
BRITISH COMMERCIAL
GAS ASSOCIATION

47 Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,

personally conducted by

MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

Established under the patronage of the greatest newspaper proprietors, and with the co-operation of the ablest and most successful journalists and writers of the day, the LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM offers sound and practical instruction by correspondence at moderate and inclusive fees in—

1. JOURNALISM.
2. STORY WRITING.
3. FREE-LANCE JOURNALISM.

The School possesses exceptional facilities for placing writers who have completed their training. Full particulars of the Courses of Instruction are given in the Prospectus, which may be obtained free on application to:—

The Assistant Manager's Dept.:

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,

110, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

Telephone No. : Museum 4574.

THE MODERN MOVEMENT.

The following important illustrated articles dealing with the Modern Movement in PAINTING have appeared in the BURLINGTON MAGAZINE. Copies of these issues may be obtained at the published price of 2s. 6d. per number (post free 3s. 3d.).

Contemporary Art in England	... Clive Bell	172
'Primitive' Tendency in Modern Art	... A. Clutton Brock	100
French Painting in the 19th Century	... Lionel Cust	149
Modern Painters in 1906	... Bernard Sickert	40
Case for Modern Painting, C. H. Shannon and Others	... 49, 50, 51, 52, 54	
Degas: Three Heads	... Anon.	119
Memories of Degas	... George Moore	178, 179
Degas	... Walter Sickert	176
"Madame Charpentier" and her Family, by Renoir	... Léonce Bénédite	57
Manet at the National Gallery	... Lionel Cust	168
The Art of Albert P. Ryder	... Roger Fry	61
"Paul Cézanne," by Ambrose Vollard; Paris, 1915	... Roger Fry	173
On a Composition by Gauguin	... Roger Fry	180
Vincent Van Gogh	... R. Mayer-Riefstahl	92
Puvis de Chavannes	... Chas. Ricketts	61
Life as a Means of Expression in Modern Art	... Roger Fry	189, 191
Vincent Van Gogh, Letters	... F. Melian Stawell	99
Mr. Fry and Drawing	... D. S. MacColl	194, 195, 196
Mr. MacColl and Drawing	... Roger Fry	197
Six Drawings by Rodin	... Randolph Schwabe	188
Modern French Art at the Mansard Galleries	... M. S. P.	198
Post Impressionism and Aesthetics	... Clive Bell	118
An Experiment	... Margaret Bulley	199
Art in Socialism	... Roger Fry	157
The New Movement in Art in its Relation to Life	... Roger Fry	175
The True Futurism	... Walter Sickert	156
Cézanne	... Maurice Denis	82, 83
The Sculptures of Maillol	... Roger Fry	85
The Post Impressionists	... A. Clutton-Brock	94
M. Larinow and the Russian Ballet	... Roger Fry	192

WHEN ORDERING PLEASE QUOTE NUMBER.

A classified list of the principal articles published up to date can be obtained free on application.

THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE

For Connoisseurs. Illustrated. Published Monthly. 2/6 net.
17, OLD BURLINGTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.

world. His people were settled among a group of manorial estates around Torbay, and he, after Balliol and the Newdigate Prize, had no need to worry over the earning of a living. He was free to set about the defence of his own already vanishing order. His books are documents of that long conflict, which can have but one ending. If you ask, Why only one ending? the answer, and almost a complete answer, is implicit in these curiously ingenuous memoirs. Mr. Mallock is a late survivor of the London-season and country-house era. His book contains a description, simpler and more detailed than may be found in any recent autobiography, of that society which, moribund at the Victorian jubilee, was scattered by the motor-car. As he enters upon his eighth decade, Mr. Mallock is plainly content in the reflection that the case as he has stated it for aristocracy and theological tradition, against Radicalism and Socialism, has never been answered. But why answer it, save by a reference to his own Memoirs? They describe the background, the persons, the routine of the world of the elect: the empty day and stupid night of the London season; the round, annually renewed, from one great house to the next. Mr. Mallock is rash enough even to quote examples of the manners and sayings of the great, good epoch; and he seems honestly convinced that such specimens as he produces will be accepted for what he calls them. Mr. Mallock's old antagonists and the wicked young reformers who to-day are so brilliantly arraigning the whole scheme of a privileged order and a functionless class, will ask for nothing better. They may even be tempted to bid for a cheap edition of the "Memoirs" on behalf of the Independent Labor Party. Of Gibbon it was said that he was terrified of what he saw happening in France because he knew himself as the kind of man to whom revolutionaries give short shrift. Similarly, Mr. Mallock might well dedicate himself to the defence of the old English order. It was wonderful for his friends. And, indeed, it could not have endured if it had not embodied at least ten times more intelligence and virtue than is implied in these tell-tale pages.

Of course, the recollections of a half-century, such as Mr. Mallock has enjoyed in society and travel and controversy, could not be altogether dull. The chapters on Oxford in the 'seventies and London in the 'eighties are readable enough, and quite a few amusing persons emerge. There is a vicious sketch of Carlyle, whose manners, it is suggested, lacked the refinement which marks the caste of Vere de Vere. An evening at Balliol is described, with the young Swinburne overcome by a very little liquor. It is lifelike, though slight and colorless by the side of the brilliant piece of character in "The Education of Henry Adams." If Mr. Mallock had been more considerate of his readers, he would have omitted the summaries of his own forgotten treatises and novels, and have furnished more personal records of his contemporaries. He describes the labor of writing and rewriting that has gone to the making of all his books. If this is true of the "Memoirs," we can only marvel at the result—for here surely is one of the worst examples of feeble composition to come in recent years from a writer of standing. It is characteristic of Mr. Mallock's sloppiness that throughout the book he should misspell the name of his eminent uncle, James Anthony Froude.

A CORNISH MUSE.

"The Betrothal of Venus, and Other Poems." By JAMES DRYDEN HOSKEN. (Methuen. 8s. 6d. net.)

So little do we know of the poetic 'nineties that it mildly surprised us, a few months since, to witness Mr. Norman Gale's reappearance. The author of "A Country Muse," the idol of that amiable old journal, "The Literary World," is no longer a solitary representative of the epoch when Mrs. Webster's sonnets seemed Shakespearian. Mr. Hosken, who gave the world his first volume, "Phaon and Sappho, and Nimrod," in 1892, now rejoins him. As if to reprove the chary, ca' canny muse of his juniors, he says his say in rather more than 300 pages.

Mr. Hosken is a poet of experience, but poets rarely become experienced enough to avoid over-fondness of their poetry. Why, we ask, has he included the elegant, the too

elegant poem, to which his title draws our attention? Is that also a challenge to the brusque, unshaven productions of the younger sort—a paternal example of the etiquette of rhyming? At all events, it is in a manner which has proved the deadness of the 'nineties. At best, it is a pale reflex of Keats:—

"One eve, wrapp'd in his fancies, all alone
Mark Julian sought his gardens, and remote
He woke the string, and gave each tender tone
Unto a song; and every plaintive note,
The secret of its lonely birth did own
In his sad heart; afar the sweet strains float,
And thrill the neighboring atmosphere, the while
He with his measure did the hour beguile."

This is a stanza typical of its 156 steel-engraving companions. To turn from them to the poem, "The Tramp," is to turn from artificial flowers to real. In one place Mr. Hosken was entertaining admiring young ladies to tea: here he shares with his fellow-man the last crust:—

"Go, live by sin, O woman, buy
Thy bread with fires of hell;
O man, regard no brother's cry
So long as thou art well;
For there is nought beneath the sky
Gold cannot buy or sell."

The poem achieves a ferocity all too rare, and that without loss of dignity: the turbulent passion not only expresses itself in direct and genuine satire, but fires imagination into a magnificent survey of the night skies, where "in incalculable deeps Alcyone abides"—

"What great intelligences wing
The starry spaces through
That, unimaginable, fling
Thoughts that are music too,
Where thrilling suns like censers swing
In atmospheres of blue."

Nor do we now in this exaltation take leave of our tramp, but are brought back to earth again, to his hunger, his desperation, and his fiery dream of deliverance. This poem, written in 1911, is a notable instance of central theme combined with inventive variety: it is even terrible in its vehemence, and its words are words that scald and words that burn.

The book gives examples of Mr. Hosken's work in several styles. We are forced to believe that he is not yet his own poetic master, though he hints that he begins to count his years by tens. While he nearly always infuses some of his personality into his verses, and sometimes a great deal, he is innocuous in some styles, in others definitely bad. We have mentioned his album lucubrations. There are several briefer effusions of the kind, all neatly rounded as with a lathe. He attempts the easy nature verse, with this eighteenth century ring:—

"Following the wing of summer o'er
The changing earth, from shore to shore,
The cuckoo soon arrives to pour
Its elfin note;
Till echo makes the voice once more
O'er hill-top float—"

but for most of us the cuckoo has ceased pouring. It is not in polished rhetoric, not in nature poetry, not in religious dignity that Mr. Hosken's lot is cast. It is in the hardier, shrewder Cornish style: in the ironical elegy on the farmer who used to be a Radical once, in the rough, burly "Epistle to a Friend," in "One and All," addressed "to each warm friend Who loves the inside man to mend With Cornish pasty." This individual, unmistakable strength, seen at its finest in "The Tramp," breaks out time and again in the curious, ill-proportioned narrative, "Reuben Quinion," which occupies more than half the book. Deliberately cast in the mould of Byron, and accidentally parodying Masfield in such lines as "She had long been a widow it appears," this poem amply represents Mr. Hosken's complicated poetic temper. It reveals him an excellent observer of man, but never of nature, a strong mind and a weak or lazy one, now original, now slavishly reminiscent, brisk and pointed, or trebly prosified. But he is like that Lovel whom Elia describes: "a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal, and 'would strike.'"

[The review of Dr. Hastings Rashdall's book, in last week's NATION, should have been signed T. R. G.]

**A
Biscuit
that
works
wonders**



MADE on natural lines so as to retain a full measure of the vitally important digestive enzymes, vitamins, and organic salts.

**"P.R." CURONA
BISCUITS** (Regd.)

are of the highest remedial value in cases of **Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Anæmia, Diabetes, &c.** Delicious, highly nutritive and curative.

Recommended for the healthy as a natural food tonic, making for good bone and blood and sound tissue, and at the same time keeping the system gently regulated without the use of injurious drugs.

Post paid prices:

One Box, 5/9 Two Boxes, 11/-
Sample Box, 1/6.

Sole Makers—

The Wallace "P.R." Foods Co., Ltd.,
24, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, London, N.8

A Protection against Cold

ON cold damp days a cup of hot Rowntree's Cocoa taken before going out is a great assistance in keeping you comfortable and warm. By increasing energy and vitality Rowntree's Cocoa fosters the healthy warmth which comes from within. It is excellent for breakfast on raw wintry mornings.

**Rowntree's
ELECT
Cocoa**



THE ONE SERVICE which is ALWAYS FULLY MOBILISED is the LIFE-BOAT SERVICE.

It knows no respite from the perils of the sea.

This year, during one week-end of storm
50 LIVES WERE SAVED.

**DURING 95 YEARS OVER 57,000
LIVES HAVE BEEN SAVED.**

All its work is done and its Life-Boats maintained
by the

**FREE GIFTS OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE
WILL YOU HELP IT?**

GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A., Secretary.
22, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C. 2.

The League to Enforce Economy

44, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

(Chairman: EARL BEAUCHAMP, K.G.)

has just published two pamphlets for the guidance of those who desire public economy and a reduction of rates and taxes.

The two may be had of the Secretary,

Post Free, Threepence.

The first deals with the Burden of Rates, and the danger of moral Bankruptcy.

The second is concerned with the Income Tax, and explains how and why it has risen from twopence to six shillings in the pound.

THE FREE CATHOLICS have issued for October an enlarged Special Lambeth Conference Number of

THE FREE CATHOLIC

The Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas on **Lambeth and the Creed.**
The Rev. Dr. Orchard on **Reordination.**

The Rev. Constance M. Colman, B.D. on **Women and the Priesthood.**

Friar Douglas on **A Tramp's Impressions.**

Mr. Jeffery Walker on **Our Philosophy in Industry.**

The Rev. W. G. Peck on **Signs of The Times.**

Price 4d. Post Free.

CORNISH BROS., Publishers to the University,
New Street, Birmingham.

THE ARS VIVENDI SYSTEM
Introduces into human evolution a new principle—discovery of the respiratory use of the Cranial Sinuses. It is Nature's secret of vitality, and key to open-air Education, Health, Prevention of Consumption. Breathing becomes copious and easy, the voice full, and the walk buoyant. Nasal congestion specially treated without need for operations. Delicate children improve quickly.
Mr. ARTHUR LOVELL, 94, Park Street, London, W.1.

AMUSEMENTS.

EVERYMAN THEATRE, HAMPSTEAD TUBE STATION.
Nightly at 8.15, Mat. every Sat. at 2.30. Sept. 30 to Oct. 6, **BONDS OF INTEREST**, by Jacinto Benavente. Oct. 7 to 13, at 8.15, **TRAGEDY OF NAX**, by John Masefield. Oct. 14 to 20, **YOU NEVER CAN TELL**, by G. Bernard Shaw.
All seats booked in advance, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Hampstead 7224.

TRAVEL.

PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS.

For ladies and gentlemen.
November 4th.—**ALGERIA & TUNISIA**, "The Garden of Allah." 32 days 98 gns.
December 9th.—**EGYPT, &c.** 8 weeks. 285 gns.
Spring.—**ALGERIA, SPAIN, &c.**
Accompanied by Miss Bishop, F.R.G.S., 159, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood, S.E. 19.

BOURNEMOUTH WEST.—Croham Hurst Boarding House. Three minutes from Cliff. Separate Dining Tables.—Apply Manageress, Miss Wharton.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO

IDEAL RESIDENCE. RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.
Sun Lounge. Turkish Baths. Massage. Lift

MISCELLANEOUS.

MEXICAN PROPERTIES.

IDEAL FOR COLONIZATION.—Perfect Titles. Very Low prices. Healthful, tranquil.—Address correspondence, John F. Kelly, Ph.D., Pittsfield, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

EXCELLENT BANK NOTEPAPER. Sample ream (480 sheets, 10 by 8), 5s. 3d.; 3 for 14s. 6d.; 6 for 27s., post free. **COURT ENVELOPES**, 1,000 12s. 6d.; 500, 6s. 6d. Samples free for Id. stamp.—Charles Ericson & Co., 2, Tudor-street, E.C. 4.

WESTMINSTER EMBANKMENT.—Third Floor, overlooking river and garden, to let furnished. Sitting-room, bedroom, kitchen, and use of bathroom. £2 10s. per week.—Apply by letter only, McArthur, 48, Grosvenor-road, S.W. 1.

TRANSLATIONS, TYPING and Secretarial Work undertaken by highly skilled gentlewoman. Own Typewriter. Guaranteed work. Moderate terms.—Address, Mrs. Cheesman, 19, Abingdon Buildings, Boundary-street, E. 2.

For cleaning Silver Electro Plate &c.

**Goddard's
Plate Powder**

Sold everywhere 6' 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Every Boy's Book of Geology." By ARTHUR E. TRUEMAN, D.Sc., and W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. (R.T.S. 6s. net.)

THIS is a clearly-written guide to the museum of the rocks, and may be cordially recommended. It deals with the geological changes of the earth's crust, with fossil mineralogy and zoology, and contains a useful account of Pleistocene and Neolithic man. It is most important that boys should obtain a grasp of the general history of the earth, and our authors have done very well not to confine their work to geology exclusively. We have but one small bone to pick with them, the reference to the Heidelberg mandible as belonging to a "similar sort of man" as *Pithecanthropus* is confusing, if not erroneous. Heidelberg man was, there is little doubt, an ancestor of the Neanderthal race, *Pithecanthropus* being a quite different species, with (probably) an entirely different and very much smaller cranial capacity. Otherwise the book and its illustrations are admirable.

"Memories of the Arbuthnots of Kincardineshire and Aberdeenshire." By MRS. S. M. ARBUTHNOT. (Allen & Unwin. 63s. net.)

MRS. ARBUTHNOT tells at great length the history of the Arbuthnots. The fourth Baronet of the family, Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot, was killed at the Battle of Jutland. The family line was founded by Hugh in the twelfth century, having received the lands from Walter Oliphard, whose father received them from the Church. The story of the foundation of the family line is that Sir Hugh le Blond fought in the thirteenth century for the Queen of Scotland, condemned to be burnt alive through the false charge of her accuser, Rodingham. Sir Hugh killed the slanderer and received the family lands as a reward. Unfortunately for the accuracy of this brave narrative (which was turned into a ballad and sent to Scott), these lands had already been in possession of the family for several generations. Dr. John Arbuthnot, Queen Anne's physician and of "John Bull" fame, who helped to overthrow the Marlborough faction, is the most celebrated of the family. The Rt. Hon. Charles, the Turkish Ambassador during the Napoleonic wars, and George, the business man and Agent at Madras for the Ceylon Government, and involved in the crisis of the Lords and the Reform Bill, were the next most famous members of a virile, tenacious, and chivalrous family, noted for its devotion to the cause of Prince Charles Stuart. The book is admirably produced, and contains exhaustive genealogical charts as well as portraits.

"A Scavenger in France." By WILLIAM BELL. (Daniel.)

ARE there more than ten books in English on the great war of which one could prophesy that they would live for twenty years? There are thousands which should never have been written at all. Mr. Bell's belongs to neither class. It has not the imagination which has made a few war diaries a permanent possession, but it does affect us as good writing should do. It is a real criticism of war and war-makers. Mr. Bell works not by the method of direct attack, but by the more subtle one of comparison. He will give a literal description of some senseless devilry of which he had been a witness, and then recall a phrase fashionable among the age-limit warriors at home. He saw the ghastly procession of fugitives during the last German offensive in that ~~worst~~ of all spring-times, 1918. There were soldiers "grimy from battle-smoke and sweat, and covered with mud. . . . Many had their uniforms nearly riven from their backs, the cloth hanging in shreds. . . . frightened children, clutching their mothers' or their grannies' skirts, as they hurried helter-skelter southwards." And a few weeks before the author of the knock-out blow speech had exhorted the Free Church Council to "keep it to the end a holy war—anything else would disgrace the memory of the heroic dead." But Mr. Bell's realistic accounts of the physical sufferings and mental anguish caused to the innocent are not likely to impress the non-combatants who think of war as "the only natural tonic." They will probably be horrified by the unpatriotic wounded Tommy who dropped into a place where tea was being served to the less seriously injured, and, singing out to two German prisoners there, "Hello, Gerry! You here!" squeezed himself between them, with the

remark, "I think I'll sit down between my two pals here." There was not a sound of bitterness or irony in his voice, says Mr. Bell, his words seemed prompted solely by the common bond of fellowship between them.

"The Irish Wars." By J. J. O'CONNELL, M.A. (Dublin: Martin Lester. 5s.)

MR. O'CONNELL deals, in this brochure of 140 pages, with a side of Irish history which has not attracted much attention. He leaves untouched all political, social, and economic questions, and directs himself solely to military history. Mr. O'Connell describes the military topography of Ireland and deals succinctly with the wars that have trampled the country, from the Scandinavian invasions of the ninth and tenth centuries to the insurrection of 1798. It is a new experience to meet in a book by an Irishman so dispassionate an account of Cromwell's nine months' campaign. While agreeing that, as a military accomplishment, it was distinguished by singleness of purpose and thoroughness of execution, Mr. O'Connell argues that it would be easy to exaggerate the merit of it, for the task was not a very difficult one. All through the Confederate War only O'Neill's army was really Irish, and the others never gave genuine support. Had the Confederation united its forces under O'Neill in the critical year of 1646, Mr. O'Connell believes it would have been comparatively easy to consolidate the country and successfully resist even Cromwell fresh from victories over the Royalists.

"The Ten Islands and Ireland." By JOHN MACKAY. (Maunsell. 12s. 6d.)

MR. MACKAY is among the many who feel called to write travel books, and not among the few who master the task with any conspicuous success. He fails to impart the wonder of strange places, but, in a style which recalls Baedeker, though it has a little less austerity, he gives much information which may be useful to those who intend journeying to Newfoundland, Bermuda, Trinidad, Dominica, Martinique, St. Helena, or Ireland. He knows the best way to reach his favorite islands and all about their history, trade, and show places. He gives an unimpeachable account of the buccaneers, if you should be thinking of spending your holidays in the West Indies, and—besides other good pictures in this excellently printed book—you will find the chapter on St. Helena illustrated with portraits of Napoleon as a young man, Josephine, and the Countess Waleska.

"Lady Adela." By GERALD GOULD. Drawings by WILL DYSON. (Palmer, 3s. 6d.)

MR. GOULD'S wit did not need the reinforcement of Mr. Dyson's to make it formidable. When two such satirists join together in a common purpose the effect is devastating. One feels almost sorry for Lady Adela. Even such a cat should be given a tenth chance. She gave a dinner-party during the season—"just one of those little, casual affairs, with only eight or nine hundred invitations." Said a literary lady: "The dear Russians. There is no one like them, is there? Such great artists. Tchekup!"

"A little morbid, don't you think?" said the Dean brusquely.

"You should read Mr. Stephen Graham," said the literary lady. "He makes you realize how impossible it is to breathe the atmosphere of true Russia without absorbing its religious spirit."

"Those who go to Pskoff remain to pray?" suggested Adolphus.

"You know you don't mean it," was my thoughtful aid to the conversation.

"What doesn't Adolphus mean?" asked Lady Adela, who happened to be sweeping by.

"He is running down Russian literature," I explained.

"Literature!" said Lady Adela. "I'd like to know what good literature is to anybody. Give me something to read."

Lady Adela, like her friends, suffers from cerebro-Leningitis, with complications. She is afraid of working men who strike and angry with strong men who do not rule adequately—and when she says *rule* she means *shoot*. She is a large section of the community. But she never will know what Mr. Gould and Mr. Dyson mean.

LECTURES.

FIVE LECTURES
ON

"WHAT I THINK OF NATIONAL GUILDS"

will be delivered FORTNIGHTLY
on WEDNESDAYS, from October 13th,
at 8 p.m., in SOUTH PLACE INSTITUTE,
South Place, Moorgate Street, E.C.

LECTURERS:

Capt. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P., Prof. SODDY, F.R.S.,
W. GALLACHER, BISHOP GORE, D.D.,
and R. H. TAWNEY.

ADMISSION 1s. Reserved Seat 2s.
COURSE TICKET 4s. Reserved Seat for Course 7s. 6d.
Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, National
Guilds League, 39, Cursitor Street, E.C.4.

INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY.

London and Southern Counties Division.

PHILIP SNOWDEN will lecture at KINGSWAY HALL, KINGSWAY,
W.C., on FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8th.

Doors open 7.30 p.m. Chair taken 8 p.m.

(Chairman, F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

Reserved and numbered seats 1s., 1s. 6d. and 3s., to be had from
James Mylles, 2-3, Johnson's Court, Fleetstreet, E.C.4, or at doors
on night of meeting.

subject: "SOCIALISM AND NATIONAL FINANCE."

THE AGONY OF A RE-BIRTH. INDIA, 1914-1920.

LECTURE by A. Yusuf Ali, Esq., upon the Present Position
in India, Caxton Hall, Thursday, October 7th, at 8 p.m. (Doors
open at 7.30.) Chair: Charles Roberts, Esq. Admission free. Reserved
Seats, 2s. 6d. Tickets from Councillor Margaret Hodge, 13, Temple
Fortune Court, N.W.4, and at the door.

"THE EDUCATION OF A WORKING-MAN." Dinner-
hour Lecture by Mr. William Strang (National Brass and
Metal Mechanics), at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Church, on Friday,
October 8th, at 1.25 p.m. Particulars from the League of Faith and
Labour, 11, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C.4.

THE CLASS WAR.—A Series of Lunch Hour
Addresses on this subject will be given at Devonshire
House, 136, Bishopsgate, E.C., from 1.20 to 1.50 p.m., on Mondays,
October 4th to November 8th inclusive. Speaker, October 4th,
C. Roden Buxton.

YOUR FUTURE SAVINGS.

You may guarantee your savings
to your family if you die and to
yourself if you live by means of
An ENDOWMENT POLICY.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

OUR READERS' OPINIONS

"My income has been so reduced by
the war that I have to consider even the
advance of threepence in the cost of my
favourite weekly newspaper. But I would
rather lose a meal than give up taking
'The Nation.' It is like 'the shadow of
a great rock in a weary land.' Long may
it remain so!"

8. 9. 20.

LIVERPOLIAN.

"I do not want to give up seeing 'The
Nation' until I am absolutely obliged, which
I hope will not be while I live."

9. 9. 20.

W. S. ALDIS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Guild of Education as National Service.
HALSEY TRAINING COLLEGE
(For Men and Women),

Recognised by the Board of Education.

Principal, MISS MARGARET FRODSHAM, B.Sc.

Preparation, theoretical and practical, for Educational Social Work
and for TEACHING—particularly in the new DAY CONTINUATION
SCHOOLS. Courses are arranged to meet the individual needs of
students according to previous education and experience.

Board of Education grants to Certificated Teachers or Graduates.

Apply for particulars to:—

PRINCIPAL, Halsey Training College,
11, Tavistock Square, W.C. 1.

LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL,
READING.

A Quaker Public School for boys from
12 to 19 years of age. Organised on
Public School lines with the religious
basis and the wide educational out-
look of the Society of Friends.

Prospectus from the Headmaster.

A
HOME
SCHOOL
FOR
GIRLS
from
10 to 18
years of age

WEST HOUSE SCHOOL, WALSHAM-LE-
WILLOWS, SUFFOLK, is run upon the Parents'
National Educational Union lines. The
wide curriculum includes, in addition
to the usual subjects and languages,
Physical Culture, Handicrafts, Riding,
Gardening, Dairy Work, Poultry Farm-
ing, and Domestic Science.

The school is limited to twenty pupils.
In order that individual attention may
be given, both in regard to home and
social training, character-formation and health.
The house is healthily and bracingly
situated, and the sanitary arrangements are
excellent. There are thirty-five acres of
beautiful meadow land, and a small farm
attached to West House.

A Prospectus will be forwarded upon appli-
cation to:—

Mrs. Shelley, West House,
Walsham-le-Willocks Suffolk.

PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX).
Country School for Girls.

House in grounds on edge of Moorland, between 600 and 700
feet above sea-level.

Principal, Miss H. T. NEILD, M.A. (Vict.), Class. Tripos (Camb.)
Prospectus on application.

CROMHAM HURST SCHOOL, NEAR SOUTH CROYDON.

HOUSE built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situa-
tion. Aim of Education—free development as individuals and
as members of the general community; independent study; special
attention to health and physical development. Pupils prepared for
the Universities. Full Domestic course for senior pupils and external
students. Principals: Miss THEODORE CLARK and Miss E. M. ELLIS.

SPECIAL PURCHASE OF FINEST

AUSTRALIAN JAMS

SUPERB QUALITY AT HALF THE CURRENT PRICES.

In hermetically-sealed tins—

QUINCE,

OR

MELON and GINGER,

27 oz. nett, 1/6 per tin; 17/6 per dozen.
Case of 48 tins, as imported, 70/-

MELON and LEMON,

2 lb. nett, 1/10 per tin; 21/6 per dozen.
Case of 30 tins, as imported, 52/-

To Save
Sugar and
Improve
the Flavour
of Stewed
Fruits,
Rhubarb,
Fruit Pies,
Use this Jam
in place
of Sugar, or
Half Jam and
Half Sugar.

Send three penny stamps for complete list of Health Foods,
and "Aids to a Simpler Diet."

PITMAN HEALTH FOOD Co., 283, Aston Brook St., BIRMINGHAM.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

No sooner had the immediate threat of a coal strike been removed than the Stock Exchange began to worry itself with fears of a higher Bank Rate. Markets, which in general had withstood the overhanging menace of labor trouble tolerably well, opened the week quite cheerfully, but already the dear money bogey, that familiar cause of trouble, has once again reared its head. It is difficult, as things are at present, to see any ground for such fears, but in these days of uncertainty there may, of course, be some sudden development without warning which might warrant the raising of Bank Rate to 8 per cent. A certain amount of pressure is only to be expected at the end of the quarter, and money is likely to remain firm during the first week of October. The demand for trade accommodation is still very strong, though perhaps not quite so acute. Some financial authorities urge that the only solution of the credit problem is for the holders of stocks of certain commodities, which they allege to be unsaleable, is to cut prices and so release a large volume of credit which is at present tied up. The supporters of the dear money school, on the other hand, quote developments in America to support their arguments, the high rates imposed by the Federal Reserve Board having been held responsible for the lowering of commodity prices. The revenue return showed an increase of £4½ millions in the Floating Debt, but advances from the Bank of England show a satisfactory reduction to £16 millions.

SECURITY VALUES.

The monthly figures of Stock Exchange values compiled by the "Bankers' Magazine" show an increase of 1½ per cent. for September, as compared with the previous month. This result, however, is not quite so favorable as appears at first sight, for while the aggregate value of the 387 representative securities advanced by £37½ millions during the month, American Railway shares and bonds alone went up by £43½ millions. The reason for this large rise in American securities is said to be the recent decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission enabling the railroads to raise their rates. So far as other sections are concerned, there have been more declines than increases in value. The gilt-edged section shows a decline, some of which may be ascribed to selling on the part of the banks and other financial institutions owing to the continual pressure for trade accommodation. Foreign Government stocks, on the other hand, are a trifle higher, but there has been irregularity in the industrial and speculative groups. Some idea of the depreciation in values which investors in general have had to face may be gathered from a comparison of the valuation before the war and at the present time. As compared with the figure for December, 1913, the decline shown by to-day's total is no less than 27 per cent., while even since the Armistice there has been a fall of nearly 18 per cent.

THE RUBBER DIFFICULTY.

"Restriction of Output" is a doctrine the soundness of which, from an economic standpoint, is difficult to prove, unless it be in reference to the manufacture of paper-money. But from the rubber shareholders' point of view, it may well appear the only hope of extrication from the rather sad condition in which the industry finds itself. During the war rubber was the only commodity whose world price did not show an abnormal rise, and a serious fall was only prevented at the end of 1917 by a system of voluntary restriction of output among the producers. During the past few months the price of rubber has been steadily tumbling, and now that it has reached the unprecedentedly low level of 1s. 6d. per lb. the Rubber Growers' Association is again circularizing producers with a view to arranging a scheme of restriction, and figures are given showing that if production continues at the present rate there will be a surplus of anything from 35,000 to 40,000 tons at the end of 1920, and unless world conditions alter for the better within a few months this surplus will be further augmented during 1921. Share prices have shown very little life during the past few months, but it must not be supposed that the rubber plant-

ing industry will immediately recover if concerted action is taken. At present the Association is faced with the difficulty of the large number of proprietors controlling 3 million acres under cultivation, members of the Association representing about one-third of the total. If the remaining two-thirds could be persuaded to take united action, the problem would be solved for the moment. But the price of rubber, in view of to-day's cost of production, will have to rise considerably if profits are to be increased. For some time to come the share market should be full of speculative possibilities, but the outlook is obscure.

NORWAY A BORROWER.

Rumors of negotiations by Norway for a loan on the London market have been current for some time, the amount mentioned being £5 millions on a 9 per cent. basis. Nothing has been heard of an official nature, but in the meantime the National City Company of New York announces particulars of a dollar loan which the Norwegian Government is raising in America. The loan is only for 20 million dollars, but, as in the case of the recent French Government loan, which was for 100 million dollars, the yield is 8 per cent. plus the accrued additional principal in the event of the bonds being drawn before maturity by means of the sinking fund. The loan is repayable by 1940, but from 1925 to 1930 bonds will be purchased in the open market at 110 by means of a 5 per cent. sinking fund, and from 1931 onwards all sinking fund payments will be used to draw bonds by lot at 107½. The loan is on quite attractive terms, but will only appeal to investors holding dollar funds, owing to the present rate of exchange. It is suggested that the loan is being made in substitution for the rumored loan in London which was required to meet liabilities in the United Kingdom. If this be the case, some slight improvement in the American exchange may be expected.

INSURANCE SHARES.

It is rather difficult to account for the rise which has recently occurred in insurance shares. Most of the buying has emanated from the North, especially Liverpool, which is always particularly interested in this market, being an important insurance centre. The substantial rise in quotations which has occurred during the past month is shown in the following table:—

Name.	Amount.	Paid Up.	Price end of Aug. 1920.	Price Sept. 28, 1920.	Rise.
Alliance	20	2 1-5	10	11	1
Atlas	10	1 1-5	14	15½	1½
Commercial Union...	5	2½	25	28½	3½
Employers' Liability ...	1	½	4½	4½	—
Guardian	3	½	52	52	—
London & Lancashire ...	5	1	102	11½	1½
London & Scottish ...	5	1	3½	3½	—
London Assurance ...	2½	1½	7½	8½	1
North British & Mercantile	25	6½	43½	46½	3
Northern Assurance ...	10	1	14	15	1
Phoenix	10	1	8½	9½	1
Royal Exchange	Stock	100	380	425	45
Royal	5	1½	17	18	1
Sun Insurance	10	2	14	14½	½
Yorkshire	5	½	8½	9	½

The amount of business passing has been comparatively small, and the substantial advance in quotations is due to the scarcity of stock on the market. The yield at present prices is very low, and there seems little in the immediate outlook to justify the present optimism of purchasers. For though the companies' business still increases, working costs and provision for investment depreciation are a heavy drain. The large uncalled liability in several cases is worth noting.

NEW ISSUES.

New issues of the week have not been of much importance, but several large prospectuses are expected shortly, including issues by Selfridge & Co., Mappin & Webb, and Debenham's. An interesting issue is that of Loxley Brothers, the lists for which open on Monday. The company is offering 8 per cent. preference shares with participating rights up to 10 per cent. in surplus profits, and has been formed to acquire four old-established printing businesses in Sheffield and London, total assets being valued at £169,000.

L. J. R.

ed
ed
n-
he
ed
ut
on,
ed.
of

he
unt
ng
he
ars
ng
as
was
he
ng
he
ill
per
nd
he
to
of
in
was
his
can

nas
ing
ich
an
ta-
wn

ise.

1
14
34
4
2
4
1
3
1
1
45
1
1
2

ely
to
ent
iate
For
osts
ain.
ing.

ort-
tly,
and
ers,
ring
p to
nure
and